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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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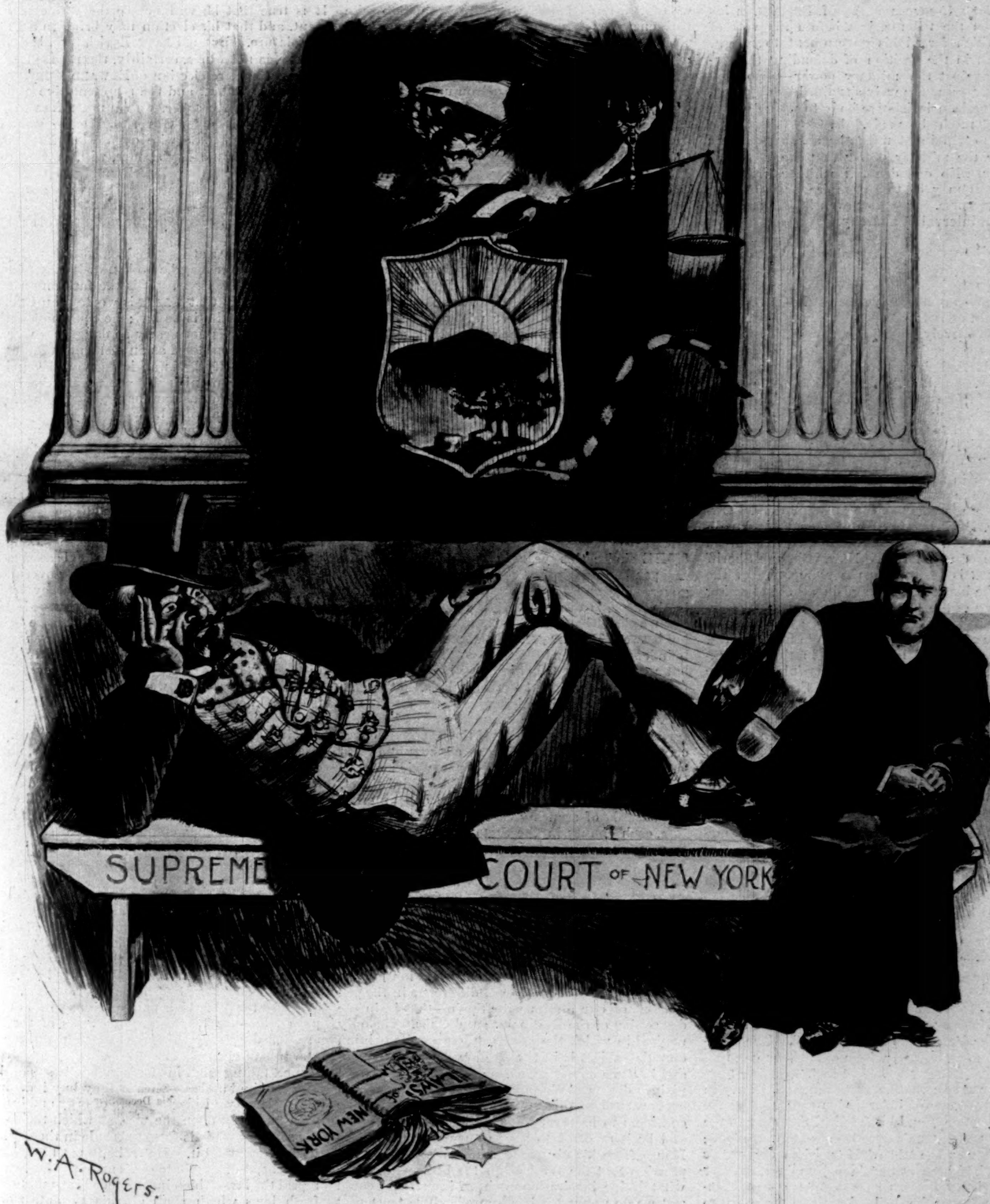
SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK
LAWS OF NEW YORK
W. A. Rogers.

CROKER TO THE PUBLIC:
"IF THIS IS WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT, THEY KNOW HOW TO GET IT."

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
New York City, November 5, 1898

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FRANCE is rapidly demonstrating that she is unfit for self-government. M. Brisson, in his speech from the tribune, just before the vote of censure which forced his government to resign, put himself in the position of defending the civil power against the military power—a position that would be unanimously sustained by any English or American legislative body to which a similar appeal might be made. In fact, it is only a people who will insist upon the authority of the civil over the military power that can remain a democracy. No one can tell whither France is drifting. It may be to an empire, or it may be something worse. In either event, there is likely to come an interval of anarchy.

In the midst of our concern about distant islands of the sea, the defective government which Spain has given the Philippines, and the incompetency of the Cubans and the natives of the Philippines to govern themselves, parochial politics in this country are lively, and, in our view, important. Race wars are going on in North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi. In Mississippi eleven negroes have been killed, and the whites in the neighborhood of Forest seem to be out gunning for blacks as if they were game. The reign of law was suspended for several days, until Sheriff Stephenson came to aid her outraged majesty, and with the help of fifty good citizens carried five of the negroes in safety to the jail at Meridian. In North Carolina the fighting between the whites and the blacks seems to spring from politics. Owing to Mr. McKinley's appointment of black politicians to office, the whites there appear to dread the return of negro rule. Now, although Sheriff Stephenson is engaged in the vindication of the right of the blacks to live, and in also vindicating the majesty of the law, he is, according to the expansionists, simply performing narrow duties in the sphere of parochial politics. We nevertheless, for our part, regard his conduct in the performance of his duty as heroic and useful as was the conduct of any of our heroes at Santiago or at Manila. In fact, we are inclined to think his conduct essentially more heroic than the bravery of the soldiers in battle, because he stood up against public opinion in his own community, and invited persecution, and perhaps ostracism, while the soldiers who fought in the war were sure of praise and honors. These events in the South are symptomatic, and until the country meets and settles properly the conditions thus presented to it, democratic government here cannot be said to be wholly successful. This is the plain truth, and we cannot escape it by deriding those who are for civilization at home, or by shouting for more savages to govern—white or black—in the islands of the Pacific.

The report of Admiral Sampson on the naval operations preliminary to the destruction of Cervera's squadron has been made public by the government. The substance of the report first appeared in Harper's Weekly in the issue of August 13. Nothing new is added by the official document to the facts which then appeared. The country now knows, however, from official sources, that Commodore Schley was slow in blockading Cervera's squadron; that he was strangely dilatory in taking advantage of information sent him by the Navy Department and by Admiral Sampson, to the effect that Cervera's squadron was at Santiago; that as late as the 23d of May, when Cervera's squadron had been at Santiago four days, Schley announced that he was sure that he was at Cienfuegos, and that he had him there "almost to a certainty." Having finally been pushed away from Cienfuegos, he wandered about the Caribbean Sea, out of sight of Santiago, until evening of the 28th of May; that then, in flat disobedience of his orders, he announced that he was going to Key West to coal; in the mean time Sampson, who seems to have forecast everything, had made up his mind that Cervera would go to San Juan in Puerto Rico or to Santiago, and he had prearranged the plan for sinking the *Merrimac* in the mouth of the harbor of Santiago. He was greatly disturbed by Schley's reluctance and inactivity—to call the latter's manifest disposition by no harsher term. When at last Schley reached Santiago, he lay off the harbor at such a distance that his blockade was ineffective; and it was not until Sampson established what the English naval attaché called, on account of the nearness of Sampson's stations to the shore batteries, "an impertinent" blockade that Cervera was finally bottled up. In the mean time Schley had lost a splendid opportunity to capture or destroy the *Colon* and the *Maria Teresa*, simply because he had not enterprise enough to go in and take them, they being anchored within plain sight and without steam up. The story of Schley's conduct is humiliating to him, and especially so because he is a singular example of unreadiness and timidity, the one naval officer who failed to do his duty admirably, and to seize with energy and ingenuity and courage every opportunity that came in his way. One more fact remains to be mentioned in the history of Schley's adventures before Santiago. On the Sunday morning on which Cervera's squadron undertook to escape from Santiago, it appears from the chart of that action that Schley, in the *Brooklyn*, started in towards the enemy, but, after a moment, turned towards the east, ran for a time away from the enemy, then turned to the westward and ran parallel with the flying Spanish ships. Schley thus lost another opportunity of the campaign. If he had kept on his course he might have gone to the bottom, but he would have gone gloriously, and he would probably have headed off the Spanish cruisers and secured them as prey to the American battle-ships. His excuse for his flight is that he was afraid of being rammed. That is like the excuse that a cautious soldier might offer for not going into a charge, on the ground that he had information that the enemy intended to kill him if they got an opportunity. Why should the *Vizcaya* ram the *Brooklyn*, and not the *Brooklyn* the *Vizcaya*? In the second place, why should not Schley have submitted to ramming, if in that way he might have made the victory over the enemy more complete? One more question and we have done. In view of all these facts, which were known to the President when he promoted Commodore Schley, why is Schley rewarded at all?

THE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

THE choice this year in New York, for independent and honest men who long for honest government and for the preservation of American institutions, is difficult. It is not, however, with them, a choice between Roosevelt and Van Wyck, but between Roosevelt and Bacon. No thoroughly independent man intends to vote for Van Wyck, but a good many good citizens will vote for Bacon, for the reason, excellent to their minds, that Roosevelt's success might misrepresent the attitude of New York on the expansion madness, and for the further excellent reason that if the Bacon ticket receives a certain number of votes, a recognized third party will be brought into existence, which will be able hereafter to put into the field a third ticket, without undertaking the labors and encountering the hazards of securing 6000 signatures to a petition, each county in the State furnishing at least fifty of these.

It seems to us that the great struggle this year in New York is against Croker, and that the only effective method of defeating him is by the election of Roosevelt. It is true that the Republican candidate is proclaiming that a vote for him is a vote for expansion, but he is mistaken. None but the unduly excited consider him an important factor in national issues. Neither his election nor his defeat will make a particle of difference in the settlement of our affairs with Spain—that is, in the disposition of the Philippines and Cuba. The only method in which the State can express its opinion on this subject is in the election of Congressmen, and in these contests we fear that the issue is not plainly drawn. We fancy that the President will be governed in this matter, however, by what he considers to be the public sentiment of the West, and he is reported to have returned to the White House, from his visit to Omaha, with a strong impression that the West wants the Philippines. On what divine inspiration such an impression could rest we do not pretend to know, and we trust that the report is untrue. At any rate, Mr. McKinley is too shrewd a man, and understands Mr. Roosevelt too thoroughly, to believe that his choice as Governor of the State of New York would mean that the people of this State prefer broils abroad to a continuation of the work of civilization at home. Moreover, the President knows that Mr. Roosevelt's campaign promised to be a failure as long as it was conducted on national issues and until Croker's assault upon the judiciary brought that vulgar boss to the front.

Does the election come to a choice between Croker and Platt? No. Platt is probably the meanest of bosses. That he is quite as low as Croker we confidently believe, and we know that his machine is as corrupt as Tammany Hall. But we have confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's character and faith in his intelligence. We do not count against him the hot and excited utterances of the campaign. We cannot judge him on these. We prefer to believe in him for his past deeds, and in full confidence to accept his promises that he will be Governor for the whole State, for all its people, and not for the advancement of the interests of any party, or any machine, or any boss, and that he will give the State an honest administration, pursuing thieves where he finds them, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. It is true that he will not be the whole government, and that his election may bring in a Platt Legislature. But a Platt Legislature, bad as it will be, is not worse, certainly, than a Legislature pledged to the re-election of Edward Murphy, the follower of Bryan and the representative of Tammany Hall. Moreover, we cannot refuse to support a good man for Governor because some voters, who might otherwise oppose bad Republican candidates for the Legislature, will, in voting for Roosevelt, vote the whole Republican ticket. If Roosevelt is elected, we shall have a good man in the chief executive office. If Van Wyck is elected, Croker will be in supreme command of the State government.

Platt's power at least is doomed to be crippled; Croker's power may be broken or it may triumph throughout the State. It is the fashion in some quarters to say that Platt is worse than Croker. It is true that he is as bad; he could not well be worse; but he is not nearly so dangerous when he comes to be considered as an element in State politics. In the city he is an important eccentric in the Tammany municipal machine, but he has no such organization as Tammany, and he has not at his back such a solid body of voters as Croker has—a body of voters numbering in the neighborhood of 200,000, who can be moved and voted almost as one man. This body of voters has seized upon the liberties of the metropolis of the country, and has made him its king; the question is, shall it make him king of the whole State?

Let us consider him a moment. He is an ignorant, brutal man, who has come from among the moral dregs of the people, and by base arts and strong will reached the head of the government. He was described with pitiless accuracy by Mr. Bourke Cockran, in his speech at Carnegie Hall. Ex-leader of the "tunnel gang," ex-prize-fighter, race-track gambler, this man who is now mysteriously rich, and who probably would be ruined even in the eyes of his base associates if he revealed the sources of his wealth, was once the head of an oligarchy known as the "Big Four" of Tammany Hall. Now he is an absolute ruler; more absolute within his jurisdiction than is the Tsar in his. He reigns over more than 2,000,000 of subjects, not one of whom, especially if he is the owner of property, is safe from his enmity. He is reported to have asserted that he intends to remain at the head of Tammany for the remainder of his life. No such power, no such confidence of power, is known elsewhere in any republican form of government in the world. This ruffian from the slums, whose notions of civil government are of that sort that fired the mob which ruled France during the "Terror," has declared himself ruler for life. How soon will it be before he announces that his power is to be transmitted to his eldest son? Croker the king is so sure of his power that he does not hesitate to abuse it openly. The Weekly has exposed the manner of his government of New York city. The vice to which he is native reigns with him, and pays tribute to his reign. The laws of the State are defied. The guardians of the peace are the servants of crime. The good citizen lives by suffrance, taking what his majesty bestows upon him. The criminal and the vicious may buy indemnity, make the city a hideous abode of orgy and brutishness, and prey upon the victims which their knavery selects. This is Croker's rule in the city. He wishes to extend it. He seeks to put his creatures at the head of the State government. He wants to repeal the laws which incommode him, and to make fresh laws which shall aid his absolute rule, or disobedience to which he and his creatures may sell for money. He is king and legislator for the city; he would be king and legislator for the State. His rule is sustained in the city by its beneficiaries—public plunderers, criminals of all classes, from the bank-robber to the sneak-thief, gamblers, pool-sellers, green-goods men, while prostitution buys from it the right to flaunt its shame in the eyes of innocent youth. Does the State want this vulgar cormorant to flap his wings over the Capitol at Albany? Does it wish to promote his ambition to befoul Washington? Does it want Croker managing its canals, its asylums, its hospitals, its prisons, and its militia, and to prey upon every corporation created by its laws?

Finally, is Croker to be helped to own the judiciary? The courts now afford the one refuge of honest citizens. The people of the boss-ruled State have lost their political power, but, thanks to the vigilance of the bar, and especially to the intelligent activity of the Bar Association of the city of New York, the courts have been kept reasonably pure. In no other way has Croker more offensively shown his contempt for public opinion and for the rights of citizens than by his refusal to nominate Judge Daly. It is too late now for him to declare that Judge Daly has outlived his usefulness. He admitted the true reason before he discovered that he had aroused the people by his assault on the independence of the judiciary. He refused renomination because Judge Daly declined to obey his orders, and in doing this he has announced that he will have no judges who are not his obedient henchmen. The issue is clearly drawn. Shall the last refuge of decent men be filled with Croker's creatures? Shall crime and vice sit also on the bench? Shall Croker's enemies, who are all good citizens, seek their rights in Croker's courts? Shall it be Croker's justice or the people's that shall be administered by the judges?

In this attack upon the bench the vulgar boss has at last played the fool, and has made himself the chief instrumentality for the election of Roosevelt, whose success alone can prevent the consummation of Croker's ambition.

THE POLICY OF EXPANSION.

LETTERS FROM BISHOPS HENRY C. POTTER AND ARTHUR C. A. HALL, OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

The question of the future policy of the United States with reference to foreign peoples and territory brought by the late war within their reach is one on which a variety of unexpected lights has happily been cast since first it was raised.

When we had reduced Spain to the point where it was inevitable that she must surrender her hold upon Cuba, Puerto Rico, and possibly the Philippines, there was for a moment a curious *consensus* of opinion that, whatever disavowals of territorial aggrandizement had been made in Congress or by the Executive, we could not disown a responsibility of sovereignty which conquest had practically created. Few people seemed to remember that, if our own most solemn declarations were to be considered in any other than a Pickwickian sense, we had not undertaken any war of conquest, or any other than a business of righteous intervention on behalf of an oppressed people. We had brought their oppressors to their knees, and were in a position to say to them: "See here! These oppressive methods of yours, these deliberate cruelties, these monstrous extortions, must cease, and you must reform them altogether. See to it that you set about ending this reign of brutality and greed! And that you may do it, we will stop awhile and see that you do!"

This was the obvious line, in view of the grounds on which originally we had justified our interference. But that we did not honestly believe in our own professions speedily became apparent. The commercial class shouted, "Trade demands new channels, and the party in power must give them to us, or step down and out!" The Jingo screamed: "Here is a chance for an imperial destiny! Disregard it at your peril; for if you do you make yourselves the laughing-stock of the civilized world! What is a great nation without colonies? And what are colonies but the credentials of empire!" And besides these, the philanthropists and missionary enthusiasts protested: "Consider what you have to give to these pagan or only half Christian and wholly superstitious peoples! Ours is the pure light of the Gospel! Look at the Sandwich Islands, and read the history of the 'Sons of Missionaries,' and see what a blessing the 'American religion' has been to those benighted peoples!"

Well, we have been looking, but we do not need to look so far. The proposition before us to-day, whether in the farther or the hither islands that are this moment within our grasp, is substantially this: "Here are certain subject races. Come and rule them, enfranchise them, ennoble them." What now are the indications that we have any single qualification for such a task? The question ought not to be difficult to answer, for in a comparatively short space of time—less than a century—three subject races, so to speak, have been dropped into our lap, and the record of our dealings with them may be known and read of all men. One of them is the Indian race, another the negro race, and another the Chinese. If any honest man, by any ingenuity—and in spite of our tardy efforts in connection with one of them, the Indian, to redeem the dishonor of our dealings with him—can extract any ground for anything else than shame and confusion of face in view of our dealings with these races, I congratulate him upon his ingenuity. The story in every case, in greater or less degree, has been one long record of cruelty, rapine, lust, and outrage. "The best Indian," an army officer has been quoted as saying, "is a dead Indian"; and the best negro or Chinaman apparently is one who has been strung up at a lamp-post or grilled alive on a village bonfire. And this is the nation, with such a record to demonstrate its capacity to deal with subject races, which is to give a new and more benign civilization to the Spanish West Indies and the Philippine Islands!

If, indeed, it is to be done, it is greatly to be hoped that our members of Congress, Jingo newspaper editors, and political contractors may be drafted for service in the ranks—not anywhere above them—of our armies of occupation. These people are responsible for the tens of thousands of physical wrecks that have come back from Santiago, Chickamauga, Camp Alger, and Montauk. Their principles of civic and military administration have given us the infamous results which have turned the glory of our victories into the shame of our most criminal incompetency in every department of the practical administration of a great army. And the fruits of such a policy—a policy that trades in positions of grave responsibility, and barters civic and military appointments for a political "pull"—are, it is to be hoped, teaching our people that the "imperial" idea has for this republic no better promise than identical results, only in far larger proportions; to the further degradation of subject races, and to the greater dishonor of those who are to rule them.

As I conclude these few words I hear some one say: "What intemperate speech! What good can come of denunciations so bitter and contemptuous?" Who can say? But, in the elder time, when one was bidden to speak plain and searching words to an age that loved darkness rather than light, what was the message, constraining such a one, from the Spirit of the Eternal Truth? I read it in an old book much forgotten of men and nations, but having a word to them now as pertinent and as personal as any that it ever uttered to any of their predecessors:

"Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for a Watchman: if when he seeth the sword come upon the land he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the Watchman see the sword come, and blow *not* the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his *blood will I require at the Watchman's hand.*" That must be one's justification for the performance of a painful and unwelcome task.

Henry C. Potter.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

There are no reliable plans for national procedure when a war commences. The first shot may break the whole slate of long and labored calculations. Men may decree and put their methods on record, and order armies and navies at the touch of a bell. But there are other bells of which they know nothing. No sooner are the dogs of war let loose than some subtle force takes possession of congresses and nations, and in due time all the participants are swept away by the unexpected omnipotence. A conqueror rises to a height which gives him a survey of a wider horizon. If a severe sense of duty sent him out to fight, his victories may now teach him lessons which even adversity never gave him. The amazing thing is that these mighty secondary impulses are not wild wanderings, but are often the wisest decisions, which will become all the clearer in the light of the far future.

Where do we stand at this hour? With convictions and conclusions entirely different from those with which we began the war with Spain. The instruction has been drastic in the extreme. The war has taught us lessons which we never knew before, and has led us to learn slowly but intensely that there are duties which we owe to the human family which we had never anticipated. We have heretofore been thinking solely of ourselves. But this latest history makes us touch elbows with the world.

True, we have been a long time learning the great lesson of expansion. But reason enough—we never had occasion to learn it before. We gave much vehement advice to dear old England when the Armenian history was being enacted. We complained that English interference was an absolute necessity, and that the powers should permit such inhumanity was our sharp and chronic criticism. But that was across mountain and sea and strange tongues. Meanwhile the Cuban cry became so loud as to stifle all sounds of far-away woes. Here was a fair island bleeding and starving at our feet and before our eyes. Our people not only thought, but felt. The ultimatum to Spain ended in the declaration of war, and the basis of the war was humanity to Cuba. The insurrection had been going on for three years. It was the old intermittent fever of Cuban revolution, and might go on and reappear indefinitely. The sending of the Asiatic Squadron to Manila was a happy thought. Spain could be struck with great effect in her farthest possessions. The sinking of the Spanish fleet on May 1 tells the rest of the story. The fall of Manila, with the practical possession of the fourteen hundred islands and of the ten millions of people, was henceforth only a question of time.

What now shall become of the Philippines? Can the United States withdraw from its own record? The duty which seemed strong and clear at the outset would be only half discharged were the liberated peoples handed back to their former rulers. Suppose it should happen that the United States should claim only Manila and its island of Luzon—what would become of the other islands and their inhabitants? One of two things would result—Spain would either make contracts for the sale of her islands to the highest bidder—Russia, Germany, or France—or she would send an army not less than one hundred and fifty thousand strong to open her new dominion in the Philippines. Either course would do violence to the American sense of justice. Our clear-eyed President put the ground of the war on the sole basis of humanity. Some had been claiming the continuance of the insurrection was a damage to our commercial interests; others, on all grounds, that Cuba must be annexed; and still others, that Cuba must be an independent government. But the President placed the claim of justice to humanity as the only one on which we could go to war, and resisted strongly the pretext of intervention. He resisted obedience to even that imperial call to the last moment. But on that basis we began, and there we stand to-day.

To permit the possible transfer of Cuban wrongs to Philippine territory would be a violation of the very claim we made at the outset. Should the United States allow the Philippines to go back again to Spanish sovereignty, either our country or some other might in due time find it necessary to repeat for the Philippines what our arms have done for Cuba—namely, to stop injustice. Has the day not passed when great stretches of territory and men by the million can be bartered as so many cattle? Political control is a sacred right. Who has given us the authority to sanction the sale of the smallest islands of the Philippine archipelago? Those far-off islands were in revolt at the same time with the Cubans, and by our attack on them the United States, for the time being, practically took the side of the insurgent and fought against the same enemy. The nation's duties are not exhausted when it protects, both at home and abroad, the rights of its citizens. It has a high duty among the family of nations to protect the sufferer under every sky.

This is, indeed, a new departure. But may it not be a high moral necessity which arises from a wider intelligence and a warmer sympathy with the welfare of the world? Our training thus far has been largely juvenile. We have been hedged in at every period of our history by the fear that other nations might be offended, and we have been taking affronts from them and have withheld response because of the fear of threat or defeat. We have been children playing in the back yard. At one time we had a quadrennium of domestic conflict. It was a long and hard fisticuff, away from the world's interference. Thanks to a good fortune, we fought it without a foreign power coming in to fire a single shot. We were in knickerbockers then, and our attachments were to the old homestead. But all at once a demand was made upon us by a cry in the great world for help. We were the first and nearest to hear. We came out upon the street ourselves; we saw that there was suffering going on, and that the plea for help was honest and strong; we were averse to leaving the weak ones to suffer, and entered on the task of rescue. Success came—much larger than we had even hoped. Are we not large enough now, and has the time not come for us to put off the knickerbockers and pass beyond the juvenile period and take a share in the world's demands?

We will admit that this is unexpected. But does not the unexpected abound on every page of our national history? In every serious crisis of our history, when our policy was clearly defined, and to which we had slowly vowed fidelity, we have been suddenly compelled to turn about and take another course. We thought only of Texas when we sent Taylor to Mexico. But in the end, with Fremont as prophet, we stood on the Pacific coast and took our first look across the western sea. We thought only of the preservation of the Union when we began the war of 1861–5. But a larger end was reached—the last shackle of the slave was broken. We may call it an incident, but history calls it a moral revolution. We achieved freedom by the very momentum of destiny. We went into war with Spain with the thought only of righteous rule in a neighboring island. But may it not be a providential purpose that peoples of whom we never dreamed should feel the touch of liberty from the American hand? To withhold such help would be to convert Dewey into a myth. To prevent possible injustice in the Philippines—which are ours by the fortunes of war—is as much a duty as it was to suppress actual injustice in Cuba, which we had to reach by invasion.

Let us keep all the Philippines until we have taught them how to govern themselves. Let us learn how to build up far-away peoples by learning how England has made this great achievement, over and over again, and understands it as her finest art, by her three glowing centuries of justice and education.

John F. Hurst.

Editor Harper's Weekly: *

In my judgment neither right nor policy would be served by our adoption of what is called an "imperial" policy. We entered upon the war with Spain with certain clearly defined aims, and with a voluntary repudiation of any policy of self-aggrandizement. We have not been behindhand in denouncing "land-grabbing," under color of advancing the sphere of civilization, on the part of other nations. Let us not at the very first temptation show the insincerity of our protests. We are bound to do our utmost to establish a just and stable government in place of the oppressive system of misrule which we have overturned. So far, as by the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Manila, we have, incidentally, as it were, upset the only government that existed in the Philippines. We are morally bound to protect the various interests that are thus endangered, of the natives, the Spaniards, and foreigners. Neither duty nor interest demands that we should attempt to subjugate the whole archipelago. This, be it remembered, is the real question in the Philippines. It is not a question of *surrendering* that which we have not acquired. We only hold Manila. Whatever Spain under pressure may yield, we should still have to deal with the natives. Is a policy of forcible annexation of conquered races to be adopted by the nation which has hitherto claimed to be the exponent, in the modern world, of republican principles?

Has our treatment of the Indians and the negroes in our country been so eminently successful as to mark us out as peculiarly fitted for the government of subject races? We have no trained colonial administrators. As things are, the addition of foreign possessions would almost certainly mean the large increase of offices at the disposal of party leaders, to be given not to those who are specially qualified, but to those who have a political pull.

At the same time, our experience of the sho[illegible] campaign in Cuba has abundantly shown that we have as yet no army fitted for the work which would for many years be needed—of military rule in foreign lands and tropical climates.

While we dare not in a cowardly fashion shirk duties and burdens which are providentially laid upon us, we are equally bound to resist the temptations of ambition and greed which would destroy our moral influence, and turn, as must every evil policy, to our own injury.

Arthur C. A. Hall.

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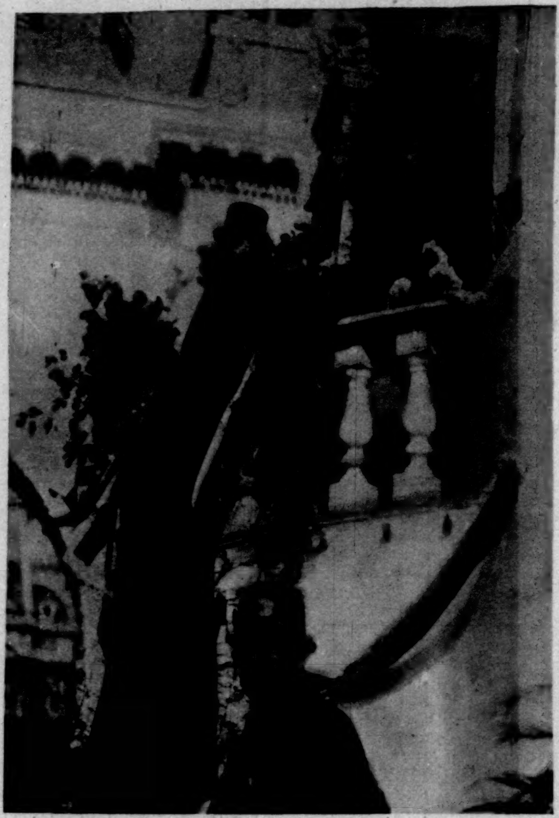
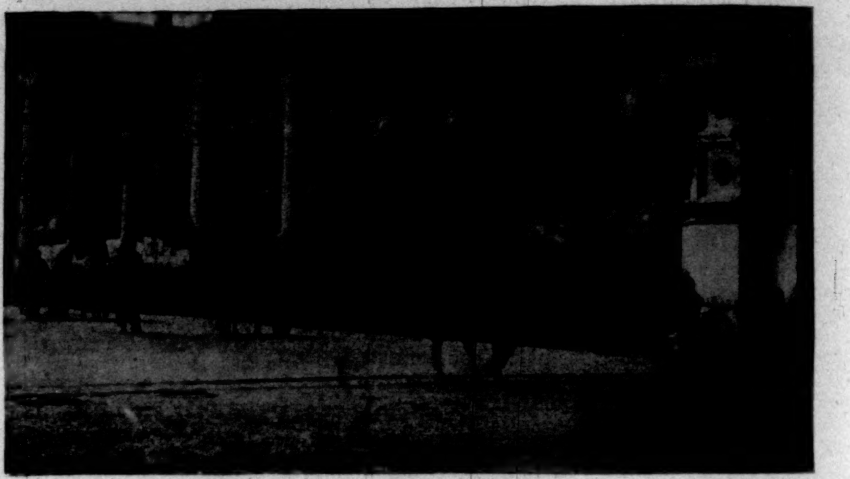
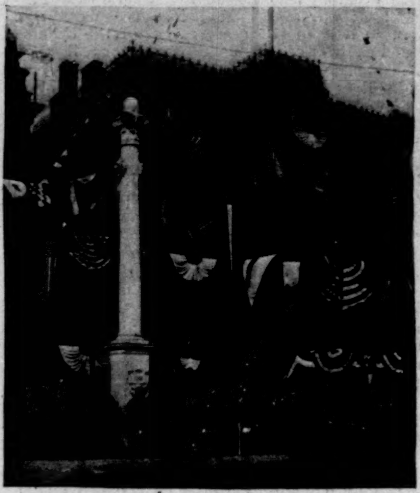
* This letter was originally written by Bishop Hall to the Darlington *Free Press*, and is here reprinted with permission.—Editor Harper's Weekly.



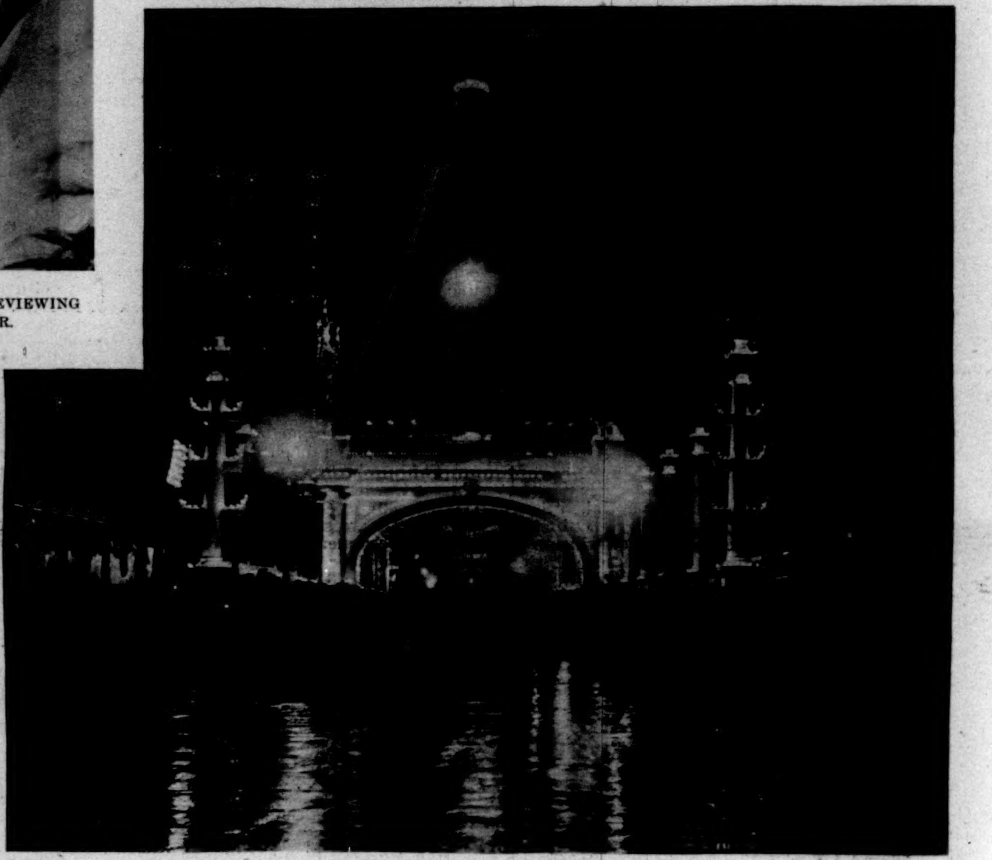
PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND GENERAL SHAFTER REVIEWING THE TROOPS FROM THE COURT OF HONOR.



GENERAL MILES PASSING THROUGH THE COURT OF HONOR.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



THE COURT OF HONOR.
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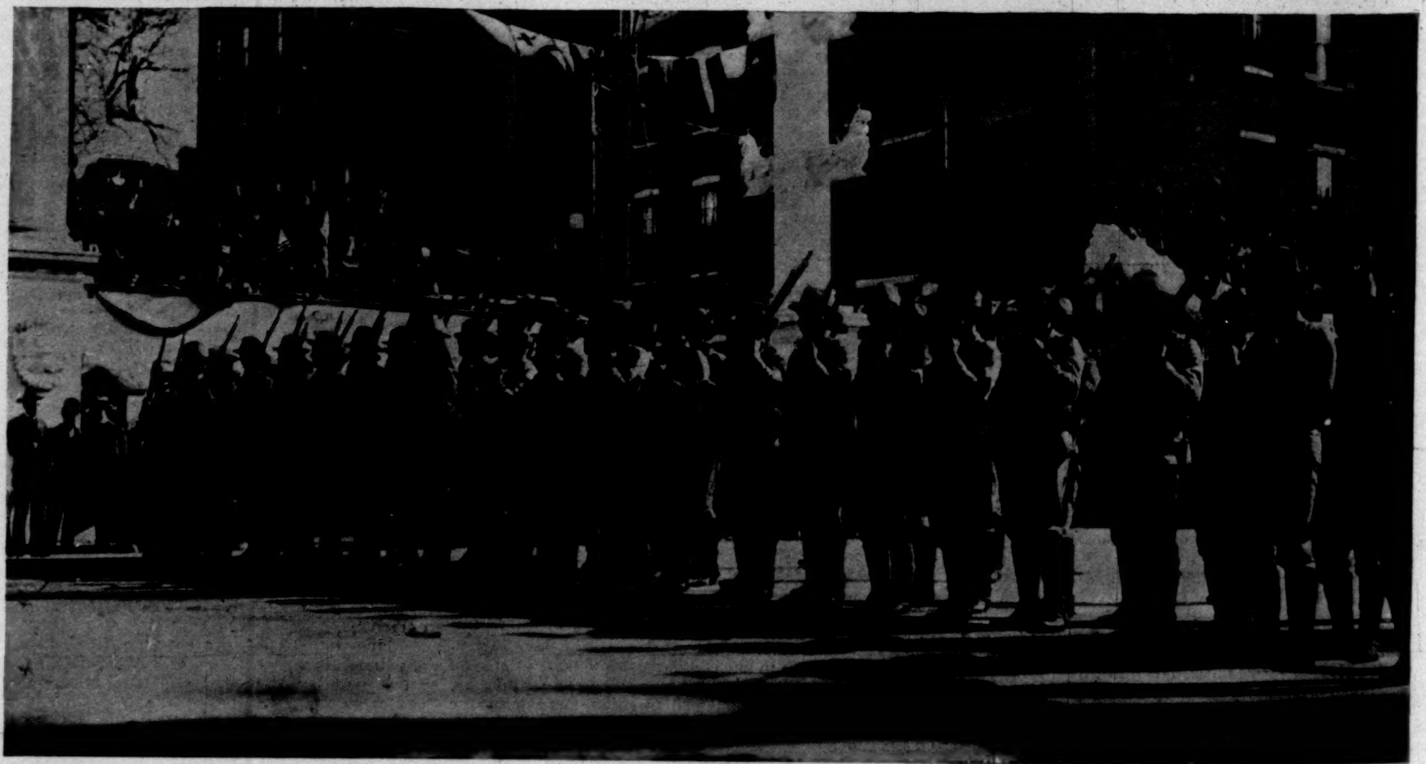
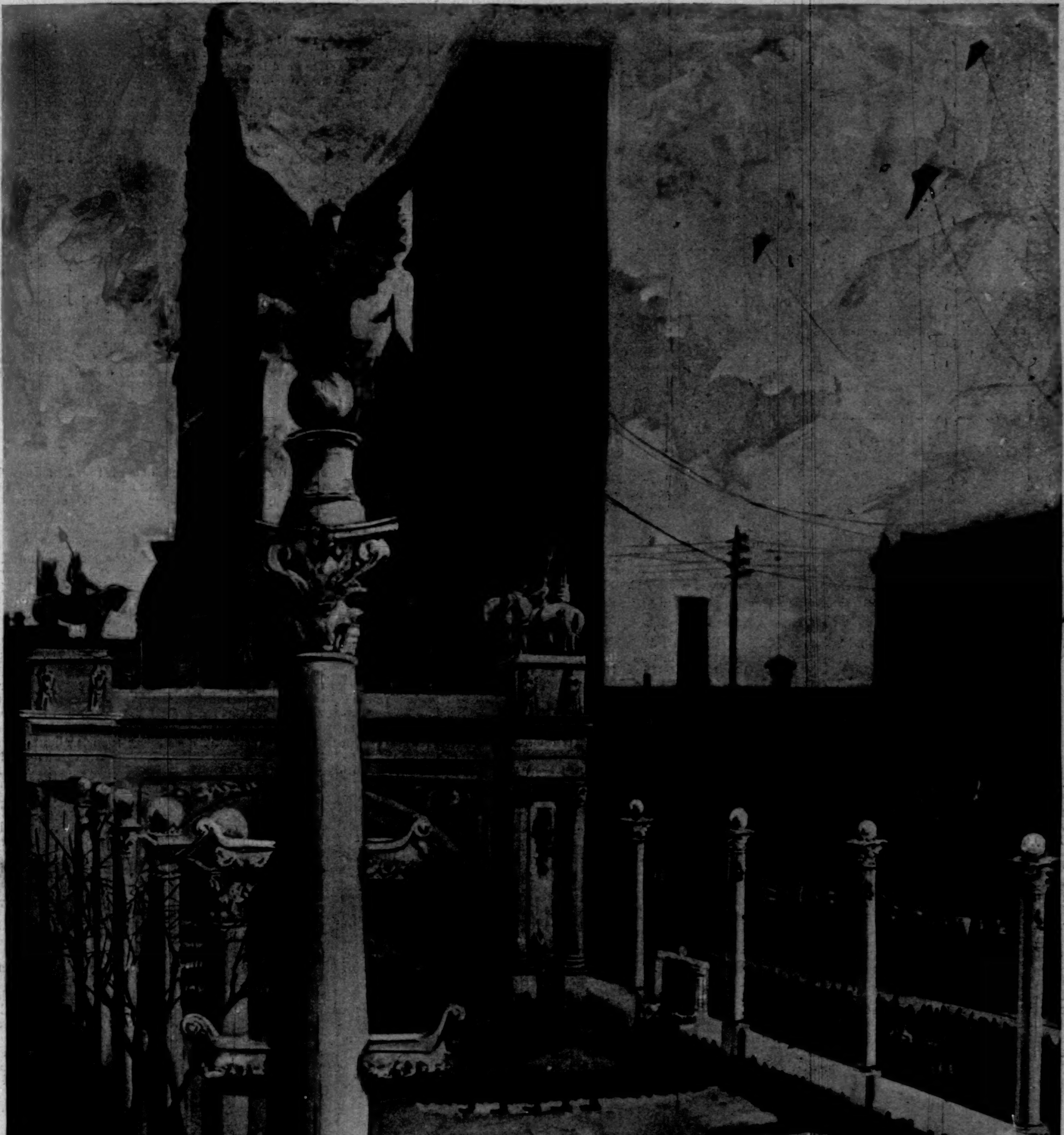


THE 16TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE PRESIDENTIAL REVIEWING-STAND.

THE PEACE JUBILEE AT PHILADELPHIA.



THE PEACE JUBILEE AT PHILADELPHIA—LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC'S" CREW PASSING THROUGH THE COURT OF HONOR.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The first of the two volumes of Bismarck's autobiography, which are to be published in November by the Harpers, has been in type in Germany since 1893. In August of that year Prince Bismarck had a severe illness, as to the issue of which he felt uncertain. Mr. Kroener of the Cotta Publishing House came to Friedrichsruh to see him, and was allowed to talk with him for five minutes. At that time the manuscript of two volumes was in existence. Bismarck turned over to Mr. Kroener the manuscript of the first volume, saying: "I have looked over this portion of the manuscript several times, and have made many additions and corrections. There are still some changes to be made, if I have health and strength to make them, but possibly this illness may be my last. The other volume, which remains in my writing-desk, is not yet complete, and under any circumstances could not be printed at present."

He recovered from that illness, and was able to prepare both volumes for the printer. They include thirty-three chapters, beginning with one devoted to "Early Years," and closing with chapters devoted respectively to the Emperor William I. and the Emperor Frederick.

It was voted the other day by the Boston Board of Health "that the use of 'wall draperies' at funerals is a source of filth and cause of sickness, and the board hereby orders that the use of such draperies in any room or place used for a funeral, or for the preparation or retention of any human body before or in connection with such funeral, be, and hereby is, forbidden."

This ruling applies, apparently, not to the ordinary draperies of houses in which folks die, but to the running in of special draperies for use at funerals. Is not that an interesting revelation of the survival in Boston of archaic and barbaric practices whereof the rest of American mankind wot not?

Another illustration of how different Boston is appears in the fault found by the New England Sabbath Protective League with Mayor Quincy of Boston, because he has caused notices to be sent to the teachers in the Boston public schools, pointing out the merits of the city's Sunday evening concerts in Music Hall, and urging teachers to attend them and to recommend them to their pupils. The league objects to having new forms of Sabbath-dodging discovered to the rising generation. The sentiment which suggests itself promptly to the parental mind, that school-children ought to go early to bed, seems not to have affected the discussion.

To make herself a new home and move into it cost Columbia University $6,879,000. Of this amount she still owes $3,750,000. The debt will be reduced by about one million dollars when she sells her old site on Madison Avenue, and other sales that she contemplates will help her further. Her treasurer believes that in the course of five years her income will increase enough to take care of all the interest of her diminished debts without embarrassing her. Meanwhile, however, her income of between $800,000 and $900,000 is not much more than sufficient for her running expenses, without providing the $150,000 needed this year for her interest account. This interest-money is payable next June, and it is stated that a number of the substantial upholders of the university have agreed to guarantee the payment of it. But in order that there may be less to pay, President Low invites the university's friends to buy the institution's three-per-cent. bonds, secured by real estate. Columbia now pays four per cent. on her debts, and like all debtors, would much prefer to pay one per cent. less.

If we do not continue to be so engrossed in the elucidation of such perplexities as boss rule, the canal frauds, expansion, the apportionment of the glory of San Juan, and the distribution of our fruits of victory, that we have no attention to spare for other problems, it is possible that we may find the vaccination question urged upon our attention with energy enough to make some public stir. Mr. William Tebb, an eminent British anti-vaccinationist, is going about among us, implanting in receptive minds distrust of the value and appreciation of the drawbacks of Jenner's discovery. He has been one of the leaders of the great and recently successful fight against compulsory vaccination in England, and as he has been studying and fighting against vaccination for twenty-five years, he has accumulated a lot of ammunition for his crusade. Orthodox persons who accept vaccination as confidently as though its efficacy were specified in the Shorter Catechism will be surprised to find what a respectable appearance of a case can be made against it, while, of course, to make a case against *compulsory* vaccination is no trick at all.

Mr. Tebb was last heard of in Boston, and intends to stay long and travel widely in this country, gathering fresh information and sowing seeds of rebellion and distrust of medical authorities in the minds of the people.

Apropos of the recent death of a noted Harvard football-player from the effects of typhoid taken in Puerto Rico, Mr. Frederic Remington writes: "It seems worth noting that while a great many college football men went into the army, if any prize-fighters went I did not hear of them. There may have been prize-fighters among the volunteers, but it would take investigation to disclose any. Yet a favorite defence of the ring is that it develops the manly qualities so necessary to the safety of a nation."

It certainly does seem as though fist fighting was less effectual in the development of the war spirit than bunting with the head, tackling, and the other football specialties, still we must remember that while pugilists were apparently scarce, and football-players were numerous, in our armies, the football men had no monopoly of grit. Roy Walter Stover, Harvard, '98, of the First Dakota Volunteer Infantry, whose death from typhoid fever at Manila is announced, is remembered as a Harvard debater. So too the individual whose egregious and irrepressible valor at Santiago made the deepest and most resonant impression on the public mind was a college graduate, but is not known to have been a football-player while in college. The truth is he is believed to have been a good deal of a student, and to have graduated with considerable distinction, a thing possible, of course, to football-players, but not common.

Mr. Stuart Wadsworth Wheeler, Harvard, '98, a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, of whose death Mr. Remington speaks, lived at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and came home from Puerto Rico with typhoid fever. Nine weeks later, when he had apparently recovered, he went on a hunting trip to Maine. The change of climate, and perhaps the exertion incident to his trip, brought on a relapse. He was brought back to Boston, and died a fortnight ago at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was a member of the Harvard football team in '96, '97, and '98, and was popular among his fellows. His death is all the more sad in having been, apparently, avoidable.

There is some doubt whether funny men who are not funny have a just claim on the forbearance of the public because their intentions are honorable, but there is no doubt that the funny man who is funny makes grateful debtors of us all. A really and truly funny man whose efforts deserve acknowledgment is Mr. Peter Dunne, of the Chicago *Journal*, the creator of Mr. Dooley. Dooley is a delicious person, who keeps well abreast of the times, forms opinions, and frees his mind of them to excellent purpose. His observations on the recent visit of the President to Chicago, and the speeches and occurrences incident to it, wind up with this:

> "What do you think ought to be done with th' fruits iv victhry?" Mr. Hennessy asked.
>
> "Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas up to me, I'd eat what was r-ripe an' give what wasn't r-ripe to me inimy. An' I guess that's what Mack means."

Let us hope that Dooley has guessed right. He is a valuable man, one to be prized for his personal characteristics, for his intellectual attributes, for his gift of satire, and his remarkable turn for the use of language. It is said that his prototype is a sure-enough Irish saloon-keeper in Chicago.

M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, the French painter, who died in France on October 25, is best known in this country from the paintings he did for the Boston Public Library. He was born in Lyons in 1824. His reputation was of slow development, and not until 1859, when he was thirty-five years old, was a picture of his accepted at the Salon. Even after that his work was slow to find favor. He sold a picture, "Peace," to the government in 1861 for $1200, but it is related that he had to give the companion-piece, "War," which the state would not purchase. These pictures took a second-class medal. In 1882 his "Pro Patria Ludus" took the Salon's medal of honor. His reputation, though it grew slowly, grew steadily, and of late years his position as a great artist has been freely recognized in Paris. His fame rests chiefly on his decorative pictures, of which the best known among many examples are in the Sorbonne and the Panthéon.

Philadelphia spent nearly all of last week in the throes of a peace jubilee. On Sunday she returned thanks in her churches for peace. On Monday she received guests and got ready to jubilate. On Tuesday she had a naval parade on the Delaware River, in which the Secretary of the Navy, about two hundred steamers, and a war fleet of fourteen vessels took part. On Wednesday the President came to town, and the programme called for a civic parade; but it rained dismally, and the parade was put off until Friday. The Union League Club gave a reception in the evening, at which were present the President, General Miles, General Wheeler, Lieutenant Hobson, Captain Paget of the British navy, and many other valiant, handsome, and distinguished persons. On Thursday there was a military and naval parade, in which the new veterans of the war got an enthusiastic welcome. A reception followed in the evening at the Academy of Music, and an illumination of the town. On Friday came the postponed civic parade.

Many a reader and lover of Thackeray has speculated about the details of that great writer's religious beliefs. That he was a pious man and a Christian no one familiar with his writings can have doubted. There is enough religion in the poem called "The End of the Play" to serve as a rule of life to any one who is at loss to find a better one. But Thackeray rarely or never discussed religious or doctrinal questions in his books, and it is highly interesting to find in Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to *Esmond*, in the Biographical Edition (Harper's), a letter written to his daughters just before he started for America, in which he discusses the question of the literal inspiration of the Bible. The gist of his opinion is conveyed in this short paragraph:

> To my mind, Scripture only means a writing, and Bible means a book. It contains divine truths, and the history of a divine character; but imperfect, but not containing a thousandth part of Him; and it would be an untruth before God were I to hide my feelings from my dearest children, as it would be a sin if, having other opinions, and believing literally in the Mosaic writings, in the six days' cosmogony, in the serpent and apple and consequent damnation of the human race, I should hide them, and not try to make those I loved best adopt opinions of such immense importance to them. And so God bless my darlings and teach us the truth.

To be mistaken in such a spirit may be better religion than to be right in a different spirit. But the number of those who will think Thackeray's conclusions about the Bible were mistaken is less than it was in his day, and seems likely to diminish from decade to decade in the generations to come.

Colonel Waring got back to New York from Cuba on October 25, and took to his bed with what his physicians presently determined to be yellow fever, thus demonstrating the pressing importance of the mission he had undertaken, which was to report on the possibility and expense of making Cuban cities clean and healthy. The news of his illness from so grave a disease was received with consternation, though for three days there was no reason not to expect his recovery. His death on October 29 was a great grief to this community.

In a recent lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on the choosing of callings, Dr. Washington Gladden said:

> I would not say that there are no actors and actresses whose work is directed by high moral motives; far from it. But association with actors and actresses, as they run, is not morally edifying, and the atmosphere of the greenroom is not morally bracing.

Dr. Gladden speaks with due caution, and could probably get abundant corroboration for his opinions from the ladies and gentlemen of the stage. It is an interesting question, however, whether there is any calling of which as much might not be said. Is the atmosphere of law courts, newspaper offices, hospitals, the stock exchange, railroad offices, department stores, or hotel lobbies morally bracing? Is association even with bishops, "as they run," morally edifying. There is much choice in company in this world, but it is suspected that the people whose atmosphere is morally bracing are exceptional individuals. Very valuable folks they are, too, in whatever calling they may be found.

Mention was made last week, in this department of the Weekly, of the propensity of some supporters of Colonel Roosevelt to claim for him an undue share of such glory as ensued from the Santiago campaign. It was suggested that General Hawkins was in the San Juan fight, and that his share in the successes of that day ought not to be overlooked. In justice to Colonel Roosevelt, space should be given to the assertion made by authority, that he is neither ignorant of General Hawkins's exploits nor indifferent about them, but has taken pains to state in the newspapers that he thinks General Hawkins deserving of more honor than any one else in the battle.

As for the charge up one of the San Juan hills, in which the Rough Riders and the Ninth and Tenth regular cavalry took part, there is assurance which seems eminently trustworthy that the colonel led the charge of all those regiments, and for having led it was recommended for the medal of honor. About his personal gallantry there has been neither doubt nor dispute.

It seems that Christian Science had to do with the death of the late Harold Frederic, and a British coroner has been trying to find out whether any one is criminally responsible for it. At Mr. Frederic's desire, his doctors left him, and his case was put in the hands of a Mrs. Mills, a Christian Science healer. We are familiar with that situation in this country, and with the embarrassments which ensue if the patient dies. The report of the impression it makes on a British coroner and British law will find a good many attentive American readers.

There are many disturbing reports about the activity to which the anarchists of Europe have been stirred by William II.'s imperial procession to Palestine. If we believe what we read, we must conclude that the anarchists feel that the Emperor's journey affords them the opportunity of a lifetime, and that it will be a cause of professional mortification to the whole gang of them if he is not blown up in transit. On the other hand, if he is blown up, the police of Europe and Asia, the Sultan, and all friends of order throughout the world will be mortified and exasperated. Very likely the reports are more alarming than the facts, though extreme vigilance is doubtless fully warranted. The Emperor and his party have finished their visit to Constantinople, and arrived safely at Haifa, Palestine, on October 25.

"Race wars" continue to be unusually prevalent in the South. One curious explanation of the unusual number of them is that a strong impression has been made on the minds of the more ignorant and isolated Southern negroes by the stories of the exploits of the colored regulars at San Juan. It will be remembered that the colored soldiers and the Rough Riders fought side by side, and very valiantly. Everything that concerned the Rough Riders was thoroughly narrated and printed, and the colored regiments, by reason of their fortunate propinquity, got fuller and more general credit for their work than others of the regulars. Perhaps their gallantry and its renown had their effect on the other colored brethren; perhaps not. At any rate, last week there were race riots near Harpersville, Scott County, Mississippi, in which, up to October 24, eleven negroes and one white man had been killed and one negro and three white men seriously wounded, and the situation was such as to make more casualties probable. Near Ashpole, Robeson County, North Carolina, on October 23, a band of negroes shot and wounded three white men, who were part of a guard left after a recent riot to prevent further disturbance. Four of the negroes were captured.

On the same day a negro was lynched at Lafayette, Alabama, for the murder of a white farmer; a white boy was killed in Dallas, Texas, by three negroes, and a lynching was expected, and a white man was shot by a colored soldier in a street row at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Paris has again been vehemently agitated. On the opening of the session of the Chamber of Deputies on October 25 M. Déroulède made a violent attack on General Chanoine, the Minister of War, abusing the government for not protecting the army from slander. General Chanoine replied with heat that it was no fault of his, and that he was of the same opinion about the army as his predecessors. Immediately there was a violent rumpus in the Chamber. Two Deputies got into a fight, and there was intense excitement on the floor and in the galleries. When quiet was restored, General Chanoine resumed speaking, and concluded by resigning his portfolio in the presence of the Chamber. M. Brisson, the Premier, then went to President Faure and reported General Chanoine's resignation. When he returned to the Chamber a resolution was adopted, 296 to 243, that the government should put an end to the insults to the army. The proposal of the ministers to the effect that the Chamber was confident that the cabinet would take measures to protect the fame of the army was lost, 286 to 234. The ministers then left the Chamber and presented their resignations to President Faure.

The following day (October 26) President Faure requested M. Charles Dupuy to form a new cabinet, which he undertook to do. The cause of the action in the Chamber which led to the overturn of the ministry was the desire to prevent the revision of the Dreyfus trial by a civil court.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

FASHODA.

LONDON, *October 15, 1898.*

LORD SALISBURY is rehabilitated. He has taken his countrymen into his confidence by publishing the Fashoda papers. They leave little to be desired, and present a refreshing contrast to the latest Russian Blue-Book, when British men-of-war were permitted to leave Port Arthur soon after Russia had expressed an urgent desire that they should leave. It has been difficult for Frenchmen to understand why England is in earnest about Fashoda. The best Frenchmen begin to realize it. It is a rude awakening. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and the non-conformists are as much in earnest as ministers. Lord Rosebery has magnanimously emerged from his tent to sustain his rival. Whenever difficult and delicate questions of territorial rights have cropped up during the last few years between the two countries, France had only to demand much more than she was entitled to in order to get far more than her due. There is no doubt that England's invariable concessions on question after question and her surrender of point after point, for the sake of peace and quietness, has brought about the concoction of the scheme that finally landed Major Marchand and the French flag on a malarious spit of sand on the Upper Nile. "Face the Anglo-Saxon resolutely and he will retire," has been the accepted formula in France. The American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race is not of a retiring disposition, and American example now reacts healthily on the old country.

To understand intelligently the reason for the unanimity with which Lord Salisbury is supported, a concise statement of England's recent sacrifices and expenditure of life and gold on Egypt's behalf is more eloquent than Jingo rhetoric or legal conundrums. The present state of national feeling is not to be explained only on the theory that Lord Khartum—as H. Kitchener will in future be known—last month fought and won the battle of Omdurman. England blundered into Egypt for good when the Sultan, by firman, rendered the Khedive Ismail practically independent, thus enabling the voluptuary viceroy to kick up his heels, get into debt, and exchange Egyptian credit for French dancers and extravagant living. Ismail's riotous living brought the present First Lord of the Admiralty on the scene. It was twenty-two years yesterday since Mr. Goschen arrived in Cairo to prepare a financial scheme with his French colleague, M. Joubert, on behalf of the Khedive's European creditors. The scheme was accepted. The Khedive, untaught by experience, again "painted the town red," was deposed by the Sultan, and the virtual government of Egypt, with the consent of the concert of Europe, was placed in the hands of Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, and of M. de Blignières, representing France, who were appointed Comptrollers-General under Tewfik. It was at this time that Sir Evelyn Baring founded his great reputation as a cautious diplomatist, a wise financier, and a determined economist. The wits did not leave him alone. The following unpublished epigram gave contemporary expression to the discontent of the pleasure-loving pashas with honest administration. Egypt was then much in the same state as Cuba is now:

> The virtues of patience are known,
>   But I think that when put to the touch
> The people of Egypt will own, with a groan,
>   There's an Evelyn Baring too much.

Nevertheless, Sir Evelyn Baring succeeded, while the envoy of France failed. In 1882 the latter resigned. The political and military crisis began. Rebellion broke out. Riots at Alexandria occasioned a great emigration of Europeans from that city. Alexandria was fortified by Arabi, and its bombardment was threatened by the British admiral. The threat was carried out, while the French fleet turned tail and steamed out into the Mediterranean, leaving Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour to begin the work at one end which Lord Khartum has now completed at the other. Then came Tel-el-Kebir. England sent an army of 31,468 men of all ranks to Egypt, fought Tel-el-Kebir, seized Cairo, banished Arabi Pasha to Ceylon, and on the 11th of January, 1883, ended the dual control, England being thus left with Egypt and the Sudan on her hands.

There was now no Egyptian army. The old army organized by Turks had been smashed, and the new had not begun to exist. The total British force in Egypt and the Sudan in 1883 was 16,000 men. Gordon was sent to the Sudan as Governor-General in January, 1884, to deal with Mahdism, the sheik Mahomet Ahmed, of Dongola, having declared himself, in July, 1881, to be a prophet foretold by Moslem prophets. The Mahdi had defeated the Egyptians in 1881, massacred 6000 of them in the same year, and destroyed Colonel Hicks's army at El-Obeid in 1883, 11,000 being killed. A general rising then began throughout the country. Mr. Gladstone was in the zenith of his power, but was worried both with Egypt and the Transvaal, which were on his hands. He temporized on both questions. I remember hearing him say at the time that in dealing with difficulties about Russia or with other powers there were guiding precedents, but that the trouble with Egypt and the Sudan was that there were no precedents. Against her will, and Gladstone or no Gladstone, England was compelled to face the distasteful Sudan. Gladstone tried hard to ignore facts. Tokat was besieged and its garrison massacred. Sir Valentine Baker with 3500 men was defeated at El Teb, with a loss of 2250. General Graham, with some of the crack regiments of the British army, fought the battle of El Teb and defeated the Dervishes, but they did not seem to understand that they were beaten. Still they came on. Tokat surrendered. Osman Digna advanced. The battle of Tamanieb was fought in March of the same year—1884. The enemy was defeated, but a British square was broken, and the butcher's bill was heavy. No impression of any kind was made upon the Dervishes. Then came the siege of Khartum, Lord Wolseley's fruitless and costly expedition, the grim tragedy of Abu-Klea, the loss of General Stewart, Gubat, the advance of Sir Charles Wilson and his party within eight hundred yards of Khartum, the battle of Kirbekan, and the death of Gordon. The battle of Hasheen near Suakim, General MacNeill's battle, the evacuation of Korti, the arrival of a contingent from New South Wales, and the evacuation of Dongola and contraction of the Egyptian southern boundary completed the first grim chapter of the Sudan drama.

The turn of the tide came with the appearance of a man—Major Kitchener—of whom Gordon had prophetically said, "One of the few really first-class officers in the British army." Kitchener saw that the defeat of Dervishes was not the chief factor in the subjugation of the murderous Sudan, which had lapped up so much British blood; but distances, drought, climate, and sand—in other words, transport. Sir Francis Grenfell then became Sirdar, defeated Osman Digna at Suakim, at Halieb, and finally at Toski. After seven hours' hard fighting 3000 Dervishes were killed, and the remainder of the army driven out into the desert to die of thirst or to surrender. Toski was the first strategic success. Tactically English generals had all succeeded except Hicks and Valentine Baker. The Dervishes advanced no further after Toski, where Kitchener commanded a division. The Mahdi being dead, the Khalifa Abdullahi endeavored to follow the plans of his predecessor. It was no use. His ruin was already preparing in the workshops of Wady-Halfa. The young fighting force of Egypt had begun to feel confidence in itself after Toski. Little by little Egypt—British Egypt now—gained strength and new resolution. The men who worked and died in organizing the workshops and the railway in a vile climate deserve no less the gratitude of their countrymen and of the emancipated slaves of the Sudan than those English, Scotch, and Irish who had shed their blood in battle for them. While one terminus was in the hands of the enemy, a railway was built from Korosko to Abu-Hamed across the arc of the great bend of the Nile. Major Hunter swooped down on Abu-Hamed, and in April last the battle of the Atbara, in which the flower of the British army took part, was fought, while success at Omdurman on the 2d September enabled Lord Khartum to garrison Fashoda and Sobat—500 miles further south—in force. For every white man who lost his life in rescuing the Sudan from torture and slavery ten have lost their health. Up and down England, Scotland, and Ireland there are scattered thousands of homes saddened and desolated by the Sudan. I will not speak of the money, of the labor, or of national self-respect, but, after this tale of steady purpose and of continuous national sacrifice, it is not reasonable to expect that the English people should negotiate with the French regarding an explorer in difficulties, without medicine, ammunition, or clothes, who finds himself with eight French companions on a spit of sand in Egyptian territory on the Upper Nile, cut off from his base by 3000 miles of impenetrable country, surrounded by troops under British officers flushed with recent victory and within four days down stream of their natural base at Omdurman.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, the mouth-piece of the Bonapartists, whose star is believed to be once more in the ascendant, discusses the chances of a war between England and France. He urges that an Anglo-French conflict would give Russia an opportunity to strike her blow at India. This may be true; but if Russia were to mobilize, the blow that she could strike at India would not be decisive as against England. But the French fleet, now in a process of construction, would be outmatched by that of England. Germany might be tempted to secure still more safely her Rhenish position, and Italy, which also has her domestic difficulties, might find the time convenient to raise the question of the ownership of Nice and Savoy, filched from her at the peace of Villafranca. If the trouble culminates in war, which is not likely, England will not go scathless. There will be suffering, perhaps serious losses, and possibly some great disaster. But France will be finally beaten, partly because her journalist-lawyer governing classes are as morally rotten as the governing classes of Spain; and if another reason is wanted, because she has succeeded in rousing the old English spirit as completely as in 1805. The destruction and ruin of France may be the most effective means of realizing the Tsar's disarmament proposals, if it falls to England's lot to give the French a naval Sedan.

France is the cat's-paw of Russia, and will be betrayed by Russia in her extremity. Russia will not fight for Fashoda. It is owing to the late Prince Lobanoff that France has been reckless enough to invade Egypt with a few Senegalese, hoping that she will not come back empty-handed out of her trespass. It was on the banks of the Neva that the Liotard-Marchand conspiracy was hatched. Russia desired that France, Abyssinia, and England should bleed each other white while the Russification of China was proceeding unhindered by interference from England. Russia has borrowed French money; France has raked Russian chestnuts out of the fire, and has played the Russian game at French expense. Russia, conscious of satiety, has now bidden France disarm, and still contemplates the despatch of the French inferior fleet against the British superior fleet. It is almost impossible to believe that even French politicians and journalists can be so bereft of reason as to play the Russian game as they are doing. Fashoda is nothing to them except as a means of hurting England. They have succeeded. England's pride is stabbed. The Nile may become as open to Frenchmen as to Englishmen, but no point on the Nile will be French. The Channel Fleet is quietly on its way to Gibraltar. If the French want war, they will not be disappointed.

Under these circumstances, the circulation throughout France last Sunday of a million maps illustrating the Marchand mission and its relation to England is an instructive comment on the madness of our neighbors. According to this map, France claims over six hundred miles of the Nile, the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and an eastern boundary coterminous with Abyssinia. Adroit in discussion, with a logic available for all points of the compass, but always rebellious against the despotisms of fact, the reasons advanced by French advocates are both plausible and absurd. The map referred to has now probably been seen and studied by at least five millions of the French people, and they are convinced that England is seizing French territory, not that France has invaded Egypt.

Frenchmen, however, are not to be judged like the more serious races, and their Paris Exhibition of 1900 is a great factor that makes for peace. There will be no exhibition if Marchand is maintained at Fashoda, and the Parisian shopkeeper prefers profit to prestige. A very large investment of French capital has already been made in the hope of getting back a great deal more at the close of the century from foreign guests. This element in the question is one that tells none the less decisively because its influence is silently exerted. The colonial school in France is able to command great means of publicity, and thus to seem more important than it really is. Politically it carries very little weight, and probably not ten Frenchmen in a million care where Fashoda is or anything about it; and when they appreciate what war would mean—the loss of their best customer, the annihilation of the Riviera traffic, the destruction of their navy, and the obliteration of France as a great power—it is safe to conclude that if reason reigns there will be no fighting over this question of Fashoda, although the controversy will yet become more acute than it is to-day. That this is the conviction of those who are best informed on the subject is shown by the fact that Major Marchand is about to be invited to deliver an address on his wonderful expedition over unexplored country before one of the royal societies in London. The story of his arduous journey, and his acceptance of British hospitality at the end, as told before an appreciative London audience, would be a fitting, and is a probable, dénouement to the Fashoda fuss.

MR. BRODRICK.

Mr. Curzon's successor, the new Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, though not so brilliant as his predecessor, is one of the straightest men for a politician I have ever encountered. It was Mr. Brodrick's hand that fired the mine that exploded the Rosebery ministry. On June 21 1895, Sir H. Campbell Bannerman, the War Secretary, announced with decent expressions of regret the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. Before the excitement and prestige of this much-longed-for administrative change had died down, Mr. Brodrick rose up and declared that the store of small-arms ammunition was inadequate for sudden emergency, and was not sufficient to do more than meet the current wants of the service. Sir Campbell Bannerman contradicted Mr. Brodrick, and the question largely became one of character; since on questions of public safety the House of Commons is no less patriotic than other legislatures. The House of Commons believed Mr. Brodrick, and on a division placed the ministers in a minority of seven. Sir H. Campbell Bannerman regarded the vote as a personal affront, and resigned. The government accompanied him into retirement. As Under-Secretary at the War Office, Mr. Brodrick has had an extremely difficult task. He has introduced the army estimates, and defended a congested and ill-managed department with a skill and urbanity worthy of a better cause. The dominant note in Mr. Brodrick's personality is that of intrepid integrity. What he says he means, and what he says, he believes to be true. Mr. George Wyndham's failure to secure the most responsible post outside the cabinet—namely, the representation of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons—is a surprise. Mr. Brodrick, however, if not the more accomplished, is the stronger man, and his appointment is an agreeable break to the recent practice of continually enlarging what is colloquially known as "The Cecil Gang" in the government. Mr. Brodrick, like Mr. Curzon, was President of the Oxford Union, and stepped straight from the university to the House of Commons in 1880. He is industrious and painstaking, forty-two years of age, is the eldest son of a viscount, and should go far.

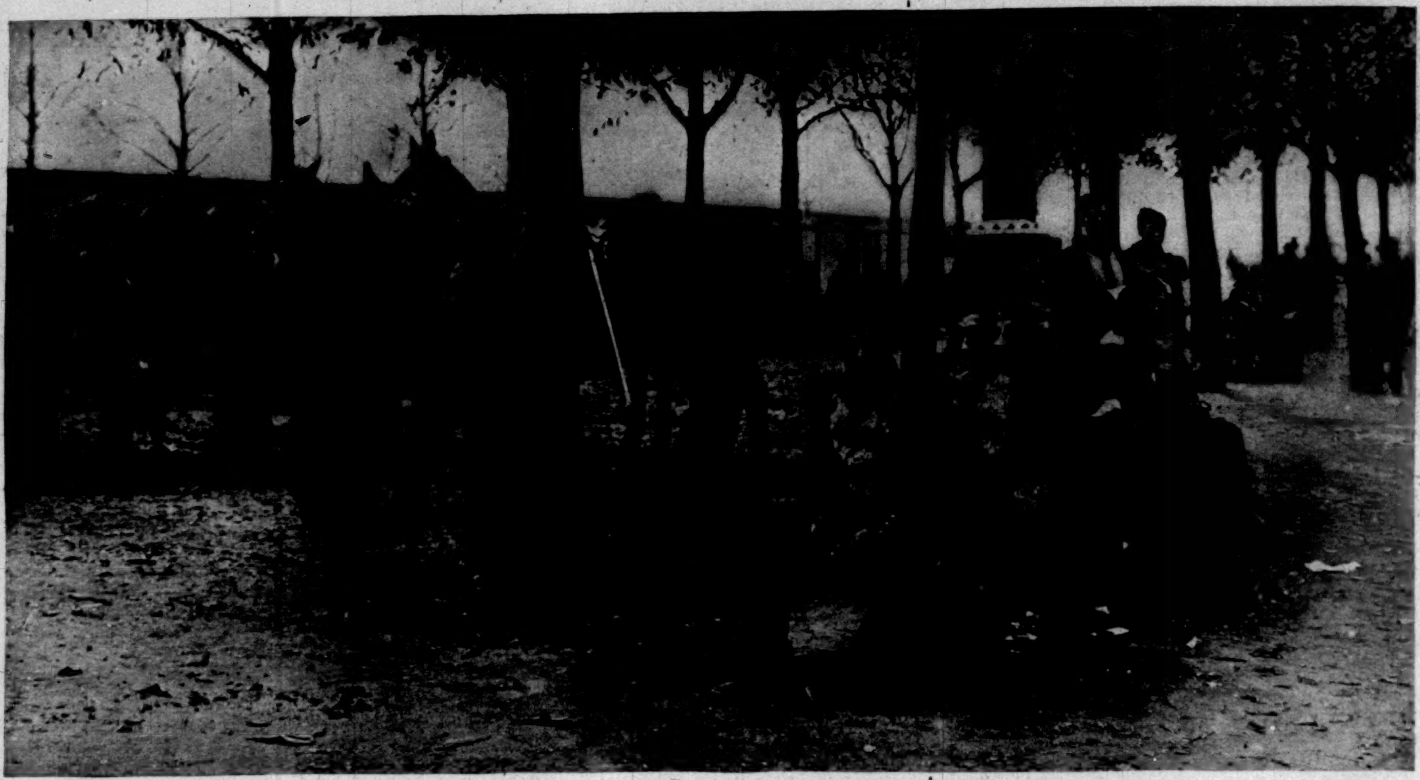
THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.

Another change, of perhaps even greater importance in the *personnel* of the great posts under the crown, is the substitution of Sir Redvers Buller as commander of the Aldershot District, in succession to the Duke of Connaught. The latter has gained golden opinions during the five years of his command. Within the narrow lines laid down during the autumn manœuvres at Salisbury, the Duke of Connaught (who was opposed to his successor in the Aldershot command) conducted his operations in such a manner as to win the unfeigned commendation of practised soldiers. Sir Redvers Buller is a strong, hard man. He was one of Wolseley's men, was with him on the Red River expedition, in Ashanti, throughout the Zulu war, and was chief of the staff in the abortive Nile expedition. Buller has been well described as a stern, ruthless, and saturnine man. It is understood that if the Venezuela message of President Cleveland had led to war, Buller would have had command of any re-enforcements that might have been sent to Canada, and would have led the Queen's forces in the campaign. The commander of the Aldershot District is a very important personage in the military hierarchy, and the appointment will be held during Buller's tenure of office by the strongest all-round soldier in the army at the present time. He has filled the position of Adjutant-General at the War Office, and is thoroughly acquainted with the defects of that interesting institution—a knowledge which gives him some advantage over his younger rival, Lord Khartum, whose services have lain outside the circumference of War Office control, and whose advent to the central administration is regarded with holy horror by the Tite Barnacles of Pall Mall. Sir Redvers Buller is well born, is a man of property and estate. He is not indifferent to the amenities of life. He can order a dinner, and when off duty can tell a good story; is a good friend, a dangerous enemy—in short, a man and a soldier in whom the country trusts. He is not supposed at the present time to burn with enthusiasm for the commander-in-chief, Lord Wolseley. Buller himself was the nomination of the late government for the post of commander-in-chief.

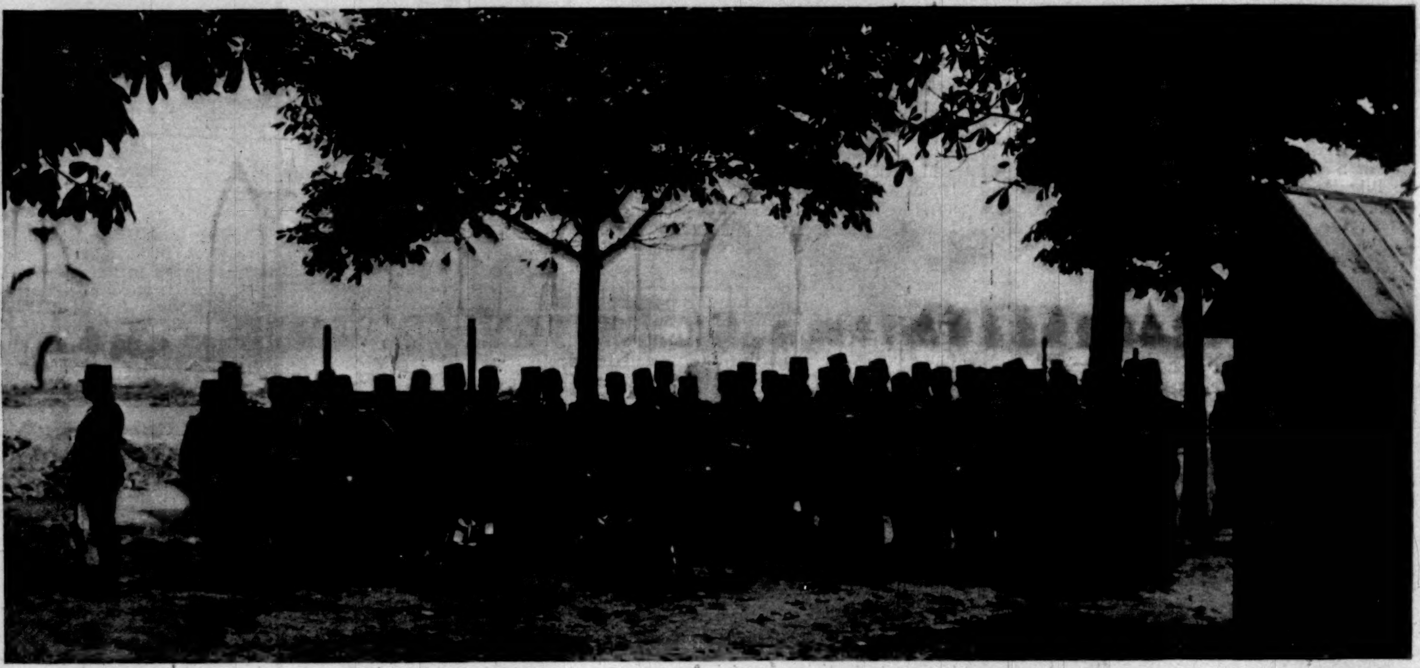
THE ROUGEMONT FRAUD.

The echoes of the Rougemont fraud have probably reached the other side of the Atlantic. Having been behind the scenes while preparations for its exposure were being perfected, I was unable to refer to it without breach of confidence, but the skill and pertinacity of Mr. H. W. Massingham, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in the analytical destruction of a charlatan who had been accepted by the British Association on his own valuation, and who had fastened himself upon a publishing firm of the highest character, is as interesting, in its way, as the exposure of George Psalmanazar or of the Tichborne claimant. Rougemont—or Grin, which is his real name—was not the sole author of his deceptive story. He had assistants

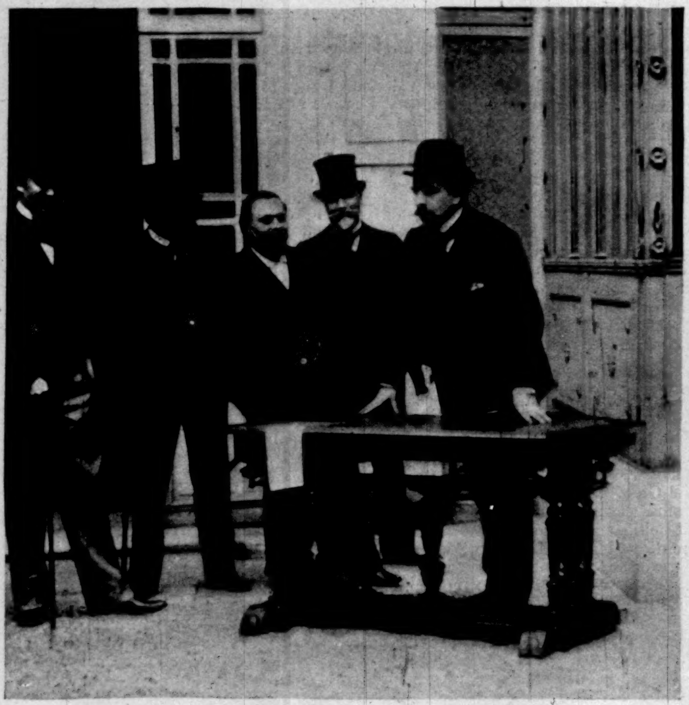
ARNOLD WHITE.



CUIRASSIERS DISMOUNTED FOR LUNCH ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS—CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.



INFANTRY GUARDING THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS—CHAMP-DE-MARS.

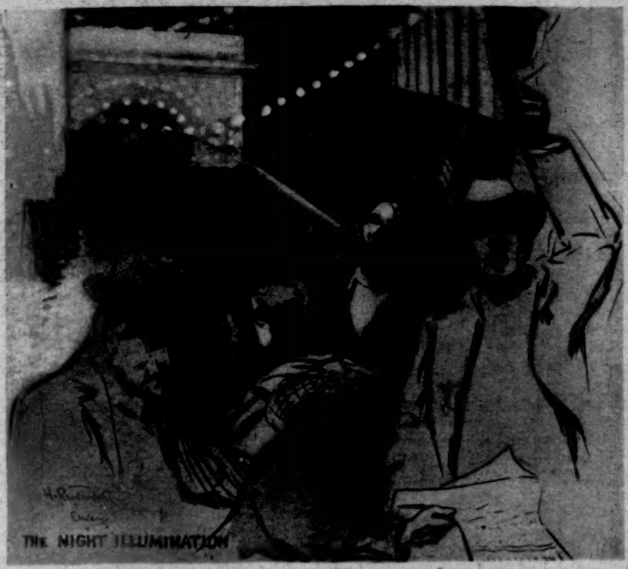


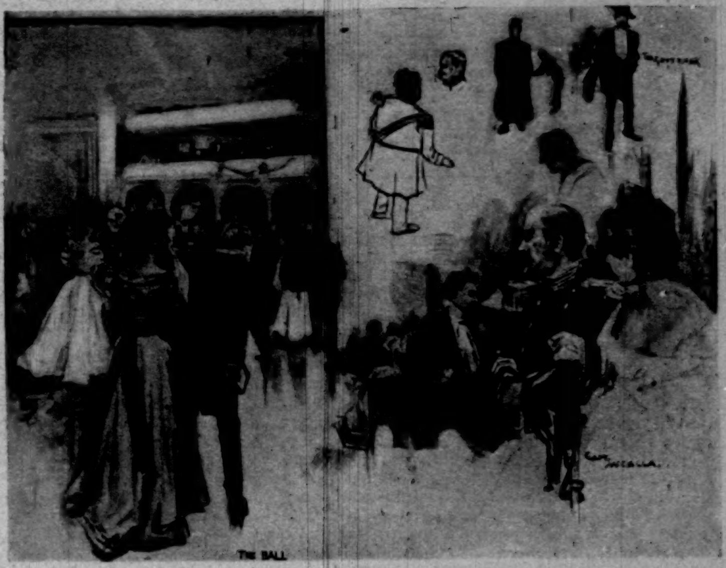
THE SALE OF M. ZOLA'S TABLE AT AUCTION TO SATISFY JUDGMENTS FOR LIBEL.

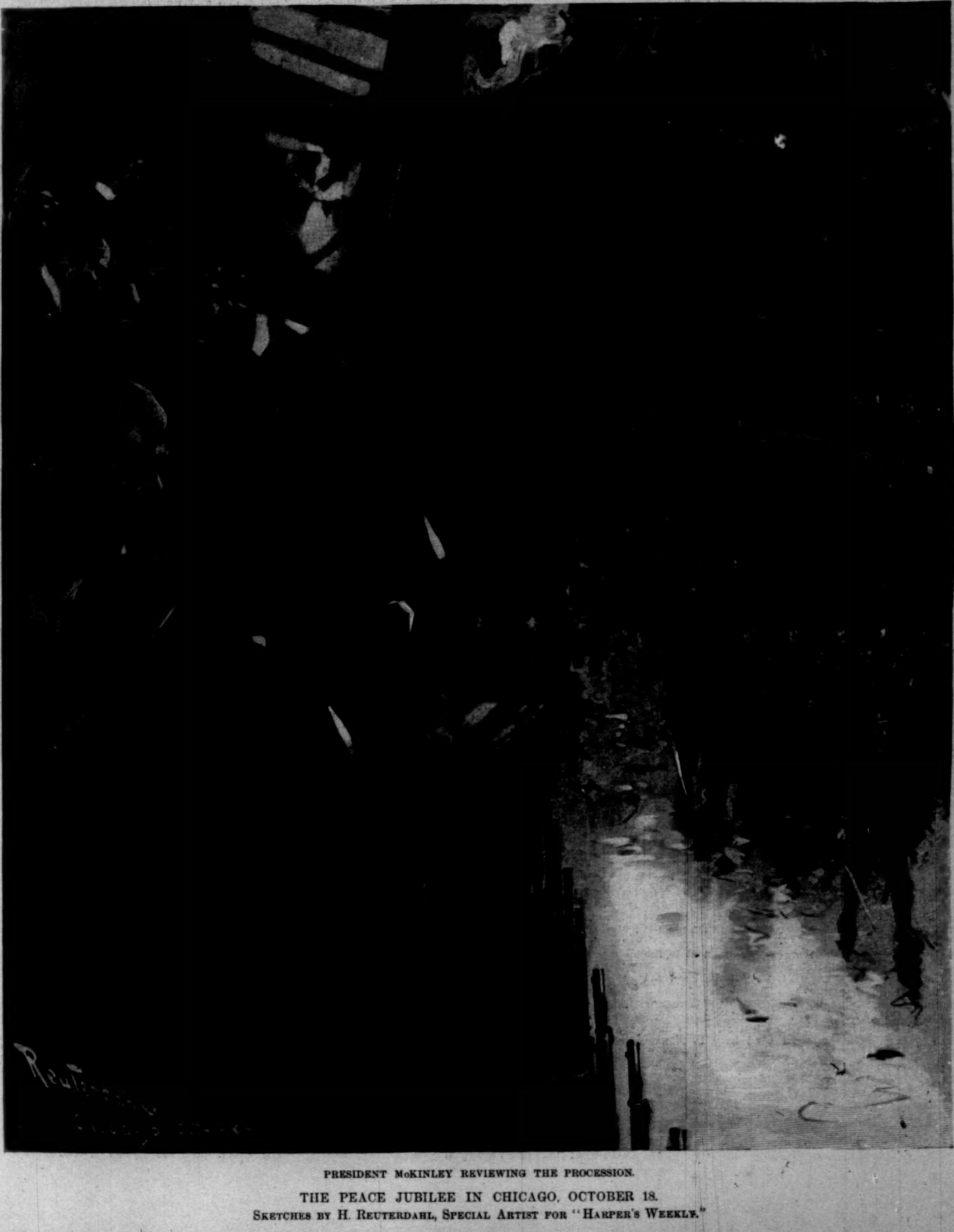
ZOLA'S HOUSE—MORNING OF THE AUCTION—LEGAL NOTICES OF SALE POSTED ON THE DOOR.

SCENES OF PRESENT INTEREST IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. GRIBAYÉDOFF AND FITTING, PARIS.


THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION





PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE PROCESSION.

THE PEACE JUBILEE IN CHICAGO, OCTOBER 18.

SKETCHES BY H. REUTERDAHL, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XIII.

HAROLD BROOKENHAM, whom Mr. Cashmore, ushered in and announced, had found in the act of helping himself to a cup of tea at the table apparently just prepared—Harold Brookenham arrived at the point with a dash so direct as to leave the visitor an option between but two suppositions: that of a desperate plunge, to have his shame soon over, or that of the acquired habit of such appeals, which had taught him the easiest way. There was no great sharpness in the face of Mr. Cashmore, who was, somehow, massive without majesty; yet he might not have been proof against the suspicion that his young friend's embarrassment was an easy precaution, a conscious corrective to the danger of audacity. It would not have been impossible to divine that if Harold shut his eyes and jumped, it was mainly for the appearance of doing so. Experience seemed to show that one might get a five-pound note as one got a light for a cigarette, but one had to check the friendly impulse to ask for it in the same way. Mr. Cashmore had in fact looked surprised, yet not, on the whole, so surprised as the young man seemed to have expected of him. There was almost a quiet grace in the combination of promptitude and diffidence with which Harold took over the responsibility of all proprietorship of the crisp morsel of paper that he slipped with slow firmness into the pocket of his waistcoat, rubbing it gently, in its passage, against the delicately buff-colored duck of which that garment was composed. "So quite too awfully kind of you that I really don't know what to say"—there was a marked recall, in the manner of this speech, of the sweetness of his mother's droop and the tenderness of her wail. It was as if he had been moved for the moment to moralize, but the eyes he raised to his benefactor had the oddest effect of marking that personage himself as the source of the lesson.

Mr. Cashmore, who would have been very red-headed if he had not been very bald, showed a single eye-glass and a long upper lip; he was large and jaunty, with little petulant movements and intense ejaculations that were not in the line of his type. "You may say anything you like if you don't say you'll repay it. That's always nonsense—I hate it."

Harold remained sad, but showed himself really superior. "Then I won't say it." Pensively, a minute, he appeared to figure the words, in their absurdity, on the lips of some young man not, like himself, tactful. "I know just what you mean."

"But I think, you know, that you ought to tell your father," Mr. Cashmore said.

"Tell him I've borrowed of you?"

Mr. Cashmore good-humoredly demurred. "It would serve me right—it's so shocking my having listened to you. Tell him, certainly," he went on after an instant. "But what I mean is that if you're in such straits you should speak to him like a man."

Harold smiled as at the innocence of a friend who could suppose him not to have exhausted that resource. "I'm *always* speaking to him like a man, and that's just what puts him so awfully out. He denies to my face that I *am* one. One would suppose, to hear him, not only that I'm a small objectionable child, but that I'm scarcely even human. He doesn't conceive me as with any wants."

"Oh," Mr. Cashmore laughed, "you've all—you youngsters—as many wants, I know, as an advertisement page of the *Times.*"

Harold showed an admiration. "That's awfully good. If you think you ought to speak of it," he continued, "do it rather to mamma." He noted the hour. "I'll go, if you'll excuse me, to give you the chance."

The visitor referred to his own watch. "It's your mother herself who gives the chances—the chances *you* take."

Harold looked kind and simple. "She *has* come in, I know. She'll be with you in a moment."

He was half-way to the door, but Mr. Cashmore, though so easy, had not done with him. "I suppose you mean that if it's only your mother who's told, you may depend on her to shield you."

Harold turned this over as if it were a questionable sovereign, but on second thoughts he wonderfully smiled. "Do you think that after you've let me have it you can tell? You could, of course, if you hadn't." He appeared to work it out for Mr. Cashmore's benefit. "But I don't mind," he added, "your telling mamma."

"Don't mind, you mean, really, its annoying her so awfully?"

The invitation to repent thrown off in this could only strike the young man as absurd—it was so previous to any enjoyment. Harold liked things in their proper order; but, at the same time, his evolutions were quick. "I dare say I *am* selfish, but what I was thinking of was that the terrific wigging, don't you know?—well, I'd take it from *her*. She knows about one's life—about our having to go on, by no fault of our own, as our parents start us. She knows all about wants—no one has more than mamma."

Mr. Cashmore stared, but there was amusement in it too. "So she'll say it's all right?"

"Oh no; she'll let me have it hot. But she'll recognize that, at such a pass, more must be done for a fellow, and that may lead to something—indirectly, don't you see? for she won't *tell* my father, she'll only, in her own way, work on him—that will put me on a better footing, and for which, therefore, at bottom, I shall have to thank *you.*"

The eye assisted by Mr. Cashmore's glass had fixed, during this address, with a discernible growth of something like alarm, the subject of his beneficence. The thread of their relations somehow lost itself in this subtler twist, and he fell back on mere stature, position and property, things always convenient in the presence of crookedness. "I shall say nothing to your mother, but I think I shall be rather glad that you're not a son of mine."

Harold wondered at this new element in their talk. "Do your sons never—?"

"Borrow money of their mother's visitors?" Mr. Cashmore had taken him up, ready, evidently, quite to satisfy him; but the question was caught on the wing by Mrs. Brookenham herself, who had opened the door as her friend spoke and who quickly advanced with an echo of it.

"Lady Fanny's visitors?"—and, though her eyes rather avoided than met his own, she seemed to cover her ladyship's husband with a vague but competent sympathy. "What on earth are you saying to Harold about them?" Thus it was that, at the end of a few minutes, Mr. Cashmore, on the sofa face to face with her, found his consciousness quite purged of its actual sense of his weakness and a new turn given to the idea of what, in one's very drawing-room, might go on behind one's back. Harold had quickly vanished—had been tacitly disposed of, and Mrs. Brook's caller had moved, even in the short space of time, so far in quite another direction as to have drawn from her the little cold question: "'Presents'? You don't mean money?"

He clearly felt the importance of expressing at least by his silence and his eye-glass what he meant. "Her extravagance is beyond everything, and though there are bills enough, God knows, that do come in to me, I don't see how she pulls through unless there are others that go elsewhere."

Mrs. Brookenham had given him his tea—her own she had placed on a small table near her, and she could now respond freely to the impulse felt, on this, of settling herself to something of real interest. Except to Harold she was incapable of reproach, though there were shades, of course, in her resignation, and her daughter's report of her to Mr. Longdon as conscious of an absence of prejudice would have been justified, for a spectator, by the particular feeling that Mr. Cashmore's speech caused her to disclose. What did this feeling wonderfully appear unless strangely irrelevant? "I've no patience when I hear you talk as if you weren't horribly rich."

He looked at her an instant as if with the fancy that she might have derived that impression from Harold. "What has that to do with it? Does a rich man enjoy any more than a poor his wife's making a fool of him?"

Her eyes opened wider: it was one of her very few ways of betraying amusement. There was little indeed to be amused at here except his choice of the particular invidious name. "You know I don't believe a word you say."

Mr. Cashmore drank his tea, then rose to carry the cup somewhere and put it down, declining, with a motion, any assistance. When he was on the sofa again he resumed their intimate talk. "I like tremendously to be with you, but you mustn't think I've come here to let you say to me such dreadful things as that." He was an odd compound, Mr. Cashmore, and the air of personal good health, the untarnished bloom which sometimes lent a monstrous serenity to his mention of the barely mentionable, was on occasion balanced or matched by his playful application of extravagant terms to matters of much less moment. "You know what I come to you for, Mrs. Brook: I won't come any more if you're going to be horrid and impossible."

"You come to me, I suppose, because—for my deep misfortune, I assure you—I've a kind of vision of things, of the wretched miseries in which you all knot yourselves up, which you yourselves are as little blessed with as if, tumbling about together in your heap, you were a litter of blind kittens."

"Awfully good, that—you do lift the burden of my trouble!" He had laughed out, in the manner of the man who made notes, for platform use, of things that might serve; but the next moment he was grave again, as if his observation had reminded him of Harold's praise of his wit. It was in this spirit that he abruptly brought out. "Where, by-the-way, is your daughter?"

"I haven't the least idea. I do all I can to enter into her life, but you can't get into a railway train while it's on the rush."

Mr. Cashmore swung back to hilarity. "You give me lots of things. Do you mean she's so 'fast'?" He could keep the ball going.

Mrs. Brookenham hesitated. "No; she's a tremendous dear, and we're great friends. But she has her free young life, which, by that law of our time that I'm sure I only want, like all other laws, once I know what they *are*, to accept—she has her precious freshness of feeling which I say to myself that, so far as control is concerned, I ought to respect. I try to get her to sit with me, and she does so often, because she's kind. But before I know it she leaves me again: she feels that her presence makes a difference in one's liberty of talk."

Mr. Cashmore was struck by this picture. "That's awfully charming of her."

"Isn't it too dear?" The thought of it, for Mrs. Brook, seemed fairly to open out vistas. "The modern daughter!"

"But not the ancient mother!" Mr. Cashmore smiled.

She shook her head with a world of accepted woe. "'Give me back, give me back one hour of my youth'? Oh, I haven't a single thrill left to answer a compliment. I sit here now face to face with things as they are. They come in their turn, I assure you—and they find me," Mrs. Brook sighed, "ready. Nanda has stepped on the stage, and I give her up the house. Besides," she went on musingly, "it's awfully interesting. It *is* the modern daughter—we're really 'doing' her, the child and I; and as the modern has always been my own note—I've gone in, I mean, frankly for my very own Time—who is one, after all, that one should pretend to decline to go where it may lead?" Mr. Cashmore was unprepared with an answer to this question, and his hostess continued in a different tone: "It's sweet her sparing one!"

This, for the visitor, was firmer ground. "Do you mean about talking before her?"

Mrs. Brook's assent was positively tender. "She won't have a difference in my freedom. It's as if the dear thing *knew*, don't you see? what we must keep back. She wants us not to have to think. It's quite maternal!" she mused again. Then, as if with the pleasure of presenting it to him afresh: "That's the modern daughter!"

"Well," said Mr. Cashmore, "I can't help wishing she were a trifle less considerate. In that case I might find her with you, and I may tell you frankly that I get more from her than I do from you. She has the great merit for me, in the first place, of not being such an admirer of my wife."

Mrs. Brookenham took this up with interest. "No—you're right; she doesn't, as I do, *see* Lady Fanny, and that's a kind of mercy."

"There you are, then, you inconsistent creature," he cried with a laugh; "after all you *do* believe me. You recognize how benighted it would be for your daughter not to feel that Fanny's bad."

"You're too tiresome, my dear man," Mrs. Brook returned, "with your ridiculous simplifications. Fanny's *not* 'bad'; she's magnificently good—in the sense of being generous and simple and true, too adorably unaffected and without the least *mesquinerie*. She's a great calm silver statue."

Mr. Cashmore showed, on this, something of the strength that comes from the practice of public debate. "Then why are you glad that your daughter doesn't like her?"

Mrs. Brook smiled as with the sadness of having too much to triumph. "Because I'm not, like Fanny, without *mesquinerie*. I'm not generous and simple. I'm exaggeratedly anxious about Nanda. I care, in spite of myself, for what people may say. Your wife doesn't—she towers above them. I can be a shade less brave through the chance of my girl's not happening to feel her as the rest of us do."

Mr. Cashmore too heavily followed. "To 'feel' her?"

Mrs. Brook floated over. "There would be, in that case perhaps, something to hint to her not to shriek on the house-tops. When you say," she continued, "that one admits, as regards Fanny, anything wrong, you pervert dreadfully what one does freely grant—that she's a glorious pagan. It's a real relief to know such a type—it's like a flash of insight into history. None the less, if you ask me why then it isn't all right for young things to 'shriek' as I say, I have my answer perfectly ready." After which, as her visitor seemed not only too reduced to doubt it, but too baffled to distinguish audibly, for his credit, between resignation and admiration, she produced: "Because she's purely instinctive. Her instincts are splendid—but it's terrific."

"That's all I ever maintained it to be!" Mr. Cashmore cried. "It *is* terrific."

"Well," his friend answered, "I'm watching her. We're all watching her. It's like some great natural poetic thing—an Alpine sunrise or a big high tide."

"You're amazing!" Mr. Cashmore laughed. "I'm watching her too."

"And I'm also watching *you*," Mrs. Brook lucidly continued. "What I don't for a moment believe is that her bills are paid by any one. It's *much* more probable," she sagaciously observed, "that they're not paid at all."

"Oh, well, if she can get on that way—!"

"There can't be a place in London," Mrs. Brook pursued, "where they're not delighted to dress such a woman. She shows things, don't you see? as some great quiet wall shows placards and posters. And what proof can you adduce?" she asked.

Mr. Cashmore had grown restless; he picked a stray thread off the knee of his trousers. "Ah, when you talk about 'adducing'—!" He appeared to intimate, as if with the hint that if she didn't take care she might bore him, that it was the kind of word he used only in the House of Commons.

"When I talk about it you can't meet me," she placidly returned. But she fixed him with her weary penetration. "You try to believe what you *can't* believe, in order to give yourself excuses. And *she* does the same—only less, for she recognizes less, in general, the need of them. She's so grand and simple."

Poor Mr. Cashmore stared. "Grander and simpler than I, you mean?"

Mrs. Brookenham thought. "Not simpler—no; but very much grander. She wouldn't, in the case you conceive, recognize really the need of *what* you conceive."

Mr. Cashmore wondered—it was almost mystic. "I don't understand you."

Mrs. Brook seeing it all from dim depths, tracked it further and further. "We've talked her over so!"

Mr. Cashmore groaned as if too conscious of it. "Indeed we have!"

"I mean *we*"—and it was wonderful how her accent discriminated. "We've talked you too—but of course we talk every one." She had a pause through which there glimmered a ray from luminous hours, the inner intimacy which, privileged as he was, he couldn't pretend to share; then she broke out almost impatiently: "We're looking after her—leave her to *us!*"

He looked suddenly so curious as to seem really envious, but he tried to throw it off. "I doubt if, after all, you're good for her."

But Mrs. Brookenham knew. "She's just the sort of person we *are* good for, and the thing for her is to be with us as much as possible—just live with us naturally and easily, listen to our talk, feel our confidence in her, be kept up, don't you know? by the sense of what we expect of her splendid type, and so, little by little, let our influence act. What I meant to say just now is that I do perfectly see her taking what you call presents."

"Well, then," Mr. Cashmore inquired, "what do you want more?"

Mrs. Brook hung fire an instant—she seemed on the point of telling him. "I don't see her, as I said, recognizing the obligation."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

"The obligation—?"

"To give anything back. Anything at all." Mrs. Brook was positive. "The comprehension of petty calculations? Never!"

"I don't say the calculations are petty," Mr. Cashmore objected.

"Well, she's a great creature. If she does fall—" His hostess lost herself in the view, which was at last all before her. "Be sure we shall all know it."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of!"

"Then don't be afraid till we do. She would fall, as it were, on *us*, don't you see? and," said Mrs. Brook with decision this time in her head-shake, "that couldn't be. We *must* keep her up—*that's* your guarantee. It's rather too much," she added with the same increase of briskness, "to have to keep *you* up too. Be very sure that if Carrie really wavers—"

"Carrie?"

His interruption was clearly too vague to be sincere, and it was as such that, going straight on, she treated it. "I shall never again give her three minutes' attention. To answer to you for Fanny without being able—"

"To answer to Fanny for me, do you mean?" He had flushed quickly as if he awaited her there. "It wouldn't suit you, you contend? Well then, I hope it will ease you off," he went on with spirit, "to know that I wholly *loathe* Mrs. Donner."

Mrs. Brook, staring, met the announcement with an absolute change of color. "And since when, pray?" It was as if a fabric had crumbled. "She was here but the other day, and as full of you, poor thing, as an egg of meat."

Mr. Cashmore could only blush for her. "I don't say she wasn't. My life's a burden from her."

Nothing, for a spectator, could have been so odd as Mrs. Brook's disappointment unless it had been her determination. "Have you done with her already?"

"One has never done with a buzzing insect—"

"Until one has literally killed it?" Mrs. Brookenham wailed. "I can't take that from you, my dear man: it was yourself who originally distilled the poison that courses through her veins." He jumped up, at this, as if he couldn't bear it, presenting as he walked across the room, however, a large, foolish, fugitive back, on which her eyes rested as on a proof of her penetration. "If you spoil everything by trying to deceive me, how can I help you?"

He had looked, in his restlessness, at a picture or two, but he finally turned round. "With whom is it you talk us over? With Petherton and his friend Mitchy? With your beloved Mr. Vanderbank? With your awful Duchess?"

"You know my little circle, and you've not always despised it." She met him on his return with a figure that had visibly flashed for her. "Don't foul your own nest! Remember that, after all, we've more or less produced you." She had a smile that attenuated a little her image, for there were things that, on a second thought, he appeared ready to take from her. She patted the sofa as if to invite him again to be seated, and, though he still stood before her, it was with a face that seemed to show how her touch went home. "You know I've never quite thought you do us full honor, but it was because *she* took you for one of us that Carrie first—"

At this, to stop her, he dropped straight into the seat. "I assure you there has really been nothing." With a continuation of his fidget he pulled out his watch. "Won't she come in at all?"

"Do you mean Nanda?"

"Talk me over with *her*," he smiled, "if you like. If you don't believe Mrs. Donner is dust and ashes to me," he continued, "you do little justice to your daughter."

"Do you wish to break it to me that you're in love with *her?*"

He hesitated, but only as if to give weight to his reply. "Awfully. I can't tell you how I like her."

She wondered. "And pray how will *that* help me? Help me, I mean, to help *you*. Is it what I'm to tell your wife?"

He sat looking away, but he evidently had his idea, which he at last produced. "Why wouldn't it be just the thing? It would exactly prove my purity."

There might have been in her momentary silence a hint of acceptance of it as a practical contribution to their problem, and there were indeed several lights in which it could be considered. Mrs. Brook, on a quick survey, selected the ironic. "I see, I see. I might, by the same law, arrange somehow that Lady Fanny should find herself in love with Edward. That would 'prove' *her* purity. And you could be quite at ease," she laughed—"he wouldn't make any presents!"

Mr. Cashmore regarded her with a candor that was almost a reproach to her mirth. "I like your daughter better than I like you."

But it only amused her more. "Is that perhaps because *I* don't prove your purity?"

What he might have replied remained in the air, for the door opened so exactly at the moment she spoke that he rose again with a start and the butler, coming in, received her inquiry full in the face. This functionary's answer to it, however, had no more than the usual austerity. "Mr. Vanderbank and Mr. Longdon."

These visitors took a minute to appear, and Mrs. Brook, not stirring—still only looking, from the sofa, calmly up at Mr. Cashmore—used the time, it might have seemed, for correcting any impression of undue levity made by her recent question. "Where did you last meet Nanda?"

He glanced at the door to see if he were heard. "At the Grendons'."

"So you do go there?"

"I went over from Hicks the other day for an hour."

"And Carrie was there?"

"Yes. It was a dreadful horrid bore. But I talked only to your daughter."

She got up—the others were at hand, and she offered Mr. Cashmore a face that might have struck him as strange. "It's serious."

"Serious?"—he had no eyes for the others.

"She didn't tell me."

He gave a sound, controlled by discretion, which sufficed, none the less, to make Mr. Longdon—beholding him for the first time—receive it with a little of the stiffness of a person greeted with a guffaw. Mr. Cashmore visibly liked this silence of Nanda's about their meeting.

XIV.

Mrs. Brookenham, who had introduced Mr. Cashmore to the elder of her visitors, had also found, in serving these gentlemen with tea, a chance to edge at him with an intensity not to be resisted: "Talk to Mr. Longdon—take him off *there*." She had indicated the sofa at the opposite end of the room, and had set him an example by possessing herself, in the place she already occupied, of Vanderbank. This arrangement, however, when she had made it, constituted for her, in her own corner, the ground of an instant appeal. "Will he hate me any worse for doing that?"

Vanderbank glanced at the others. "Will Cashmore, do you mean?"

"Dear no—I don't care whom *he* hates. But with Mr. Longdon I want to avoid mistakes."

"Then don't try quite so hard!" Vanderbank laughed. "Is that your reason for throwing him into Cashmore's arms?"

"Yes, precisely—so that I shall have these few moments to ask you for directions: you must know him, by this time, so well. I only want, Heaven knows, to be as nice to him as I possibly can."

"That's quite the best thing for you and altogether why, this afternoon, I brought him: he might have better luck in finding you—it was he who suggested it—than he has had by himself. I'm in a general way," Vanderbank added, "watching over him."

"I see—and he's watching over you." Mrs. Brook's lovely vacancy had already taken in so much. "He wants to judge of what I may be doing to you—he wants to save you from me. He quite detests me."

Vanderbank, with the interest as well as the amusement of this, fairly threw himself back. "There's nobody like you—you're too magnificent!"

"I *am;* and that I can look the truth in the face and not be angry or silly about it is, as you know, the one thing in the world for which I think a bit well of myself."

"Oh yes, I know—I know; you're too wonderful!"

Mrs. Brookenham, in a brief pause, completed her consciousness. "They're doing beautifully—he's taking Cashmore with a seriousness!"

"And with what is Cashmore taking him?"

"With the hope that, from one moment to another, Nanda may come in."

"But how on earth does that concern him?"

"Through an extraordinary fancy he has suddenly taken to her." Mrs. Brook had been swift to master the facts. "He has been meeting her at Tishy's, and she has talked to him so effectually about his behavior that she has quite made him cease to think about Carrie. He prefers *her* now—and of course she's much nicer."

Vanderbank's attention, it was clear, had now been fully seized. "She's much nicer. Rather! What you mean is," he asked the next moment, "that Nanda, this afternoon, has been the object of his call?"

"Yes—really; though he tried to keep it from me. She makes him feel," she went on, "so innocent and good."

Her companion, for a moment, said nothing; and then at last: "And *will* she come in?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Don't you know where she is?"

"I suppose she's with Tishy, who has returned to town."

Vanderbank turned this over. "Is that your system now—to ask no questions?"

"Why *should* I ask any—when I want her life to be as much as possible like my own? It's simply that the hour has struck, as you know. From the moment she *is* down, the only thing for us is to live as friends. I think it's so vulgar," Mrs. Brook sighed, "not to have the same good manners with one's children as one has with other people. She asks *me* nothing."

"Nothing?" Vanderbank echoed.

"Nothing."

He paused again; after which, "It's very disgusting!" he exclaimed. Then as she took it up as he had taken her word of a moment before, "It's very preposterous," he continued.

Mrs. Brook appeared at a loss. "Do you mean her helping him?"

"It's not of Nanda I'm speaking—it's of him." Vanderbank spoke with a certain impatience. "His being with her in any sort of direct relation at all. His mixing her up with his not very tidy muddles."

Mrs. Brook looked intelligent and wan about it, but also perfectly good-humored. "My dear man, he *is* such a perfect ass!"

Vanderbank laughed in spite of himself. "And does that make it any better?"

Mrs. Brook thought, but presently had a light—she almost smiled with it. "For *us*." Then more wofully, "Don't you want Carrie to be saved?" she asked.

"Why should I? Not a jot. Carrie be hanged!"

"But it's for Fanny," Mrs. Brook protested. "If Carrie *is* rescued, it's a pretext the less for *her*." As the young man looked for an instant rather gloomily vague she softly quavered: "I suppose you don't positively *want* her to bolt?"

"To bolt?"

"Surely I've not to remind you at this time of day how Captain Dent-Douglas is always round the corner with the post-chaise, and how tight, on our side, we're all clutching her."

"But why not let her go?"

Mrs. Brook, at this, showed a sentiment more sharp. "'Go'? Then what would become of us?" She recalled his wandering fancy. "She's the delight of our life."

"Oh!" Vanderbank sceptically murmured.

"She's the ornament of our circle," his companion insisted. "She will, she won't—she won't, she will! It's the excitement, every day, of plucking the daisy over." Vanderbank's attention, as she spoke, had attached itself, across the room, to Mr. Longdon; it gave her thus an image of the way his imagination had just seemed to her to stray, and she saw a reason in it moreover for her coming up in another place. "Isn't he rather rich?" She allowed the question all its effect of abruptness.

Vanderbank looked round at her. "I haven't the least idea."

"Not after becoming so intimate? It's usually, with people, the very first thing I get my impression of." There came into her face, for another glance at their friend, no crudity of curiosity, but an expression more tenderly wistful. "He must have some mysterious box under his bed."

"Down in Suffolk?—a miser's hoard? Who knows? I dare say," Vanderbank went on. "He isn't a miser, but he strikes me as careful."

Mrs. Brook meanwhile had thought it out. "Then he has something to be careful of; it would take something really handsome to inspire in a man like him that sort of interest. With his small expenses all these years, his savings must be immense. And how could he have proposed to mamma unless he had originally had money?"

If Vanderbank hesitated he also laughed. "You must remember your mother refused him."

"Ah, but not because there was not enough."

"No—I imagine the force of the blow, for him, was just in the other reason."

"Well, it would have been in that one, just as much, if that one had been the other." Mrs. Brook was sagacious, though a trifle obscure, and she pursued the next moment: "Mamma was so sincere. The fortune was nothing to her. That shows it was immense."

"It couldn't have been as great as your logic," Vanderbank smiled; "but of course if it has been growing ever since—!"

"I can see it grow while he sits there," Mrs. Brook declared. But her logic had in fact its own law, and her next transition was an equal jump. "It was too lovely, the frankness of your admission a minute ago that I affect him uncannily. Ah, don't spoil it by explanations!" she beautifully pleaded; "he's not the first and he won't be the last with whom I shall not have been what they call a combination. The only thing that matters is that I shouldn't, if possible, make the case worse. So you must guide me. What *is* one to do?"

Vanderbank, now amused again, looked at her kindly. "Be yourself, my dear woman. Obey your fine instincts."

"How can you be," she sweetly asked, "so hideously hypocritical? You know as well as you sit there that my fine instincts are the thing in the world you're most in terror of. 'Be myself'?" she echoed. "What you would *like* to say is: 'Be somebody else—that's your only chance.' Well, I'll try—I'll try."

He laughed again, shaking his head. "Don't—don't!"

"You mean it's too hopeless? There's no way of effacing the bad impression or of starting a good one?" On this, with a drop of his mirth, he met her eyes, and for an instant, through the superficial levity of their talk, they might have appeared to sound each other. It lasted till Mrs. Brook went on: "I should really like not to lose him."

Vanderbank hesitated, but at last he said: "I think you won't lose him."

"Do you mean you'll help me, Van—you *will?*" Her voice had at moments the most touching tones of any in England, and, humble, helpless, affectionate, she spoke with a familiarity of friendship. "It's for the sense of the link with mamma," she explained. "He's simply full of her."

"Oh, I know. He's prodigious."

"He has told you more—he comes back to it?" Mrs. Brook eagerly asked.

"Well," the young man replied a trifle evasively, "we've had a great deal of talk, and he's the jolliest old boy possible, and in short I like him."

"I see," said Mrs. Brook blandly, "and he likes you, in return, as much as he despises *me*. That makes it all right—makes me somehow so happy for you. There's something in him—what is it?—that suggests the *oncle-d'Amérique*, the eccentric benefactor, the fairy godmother. He's a little of an old woman—but all the better for it." She hung fire but an instant before she pursued: "What can we make him do for you?"

Vanderbank, at this, was very blank. "Do for me?"

"How can any one love you," she asked, "without wanting to show it in some way? You know all the ways, dear Van," she breathed, "in which *I* want to show it."

He might have known them, something suddenly fixed in his face appeared to say, but they were not what was, on this speech of hers, most immediately present to him. "That, for instance, is the tone not to take with him."

"There you are!" she sighed with discouragement. "Well, only *tell* me." Then as he said nothing: "I must be more like mamma?"

His smile confessed to his feeling an awkwardness. "You're perhaps not quite enough like her."

"Oh, I know that if he deplores me as I am now, she would have done so quite as much; in fact probably, as seeing it nearer, a good deal more. She would have despised me even more than he. But if it's a question," Mrs. Brook went on, "of not saying what mamma wouldn't, how can I know, don't you see? what she *would* have said?" Mrs. Brook became as wonderful as if she saw in her friend's face some admiring reflection of the fine freedom of mind that—in such a connection quite as much as in any other—she could always show. "Of course I revere mamma just as much as he does, and there was everything in her to revere. But she was none the less, in every way, a charming woman too, and I don't know, after all, do I? what even she—in their peculiar relation—may not have said to him."

Vanderbank's laugh came back. "Very good—very good. I return to my first idea. Try with him whatever comes into your head. You're a woman of genius, after all, and genius mostly justifies itself. To make you right," he went on pleasantly and inexorably, "might perhaps be to make you wrong. Since you *have* so great a charm, trust it not at all or all in all. That, I dare say, is all you can do. Therefore—yes—be yourself."

These remarks were followed on either side by the repetition of a somewhat intenser mutual gaze, though indeed the speaker's eyes had more the air of meeting his friend's than of seeking them. "I can't be *you*, certainly, Van," Mrs. Brook sadly brought forth.

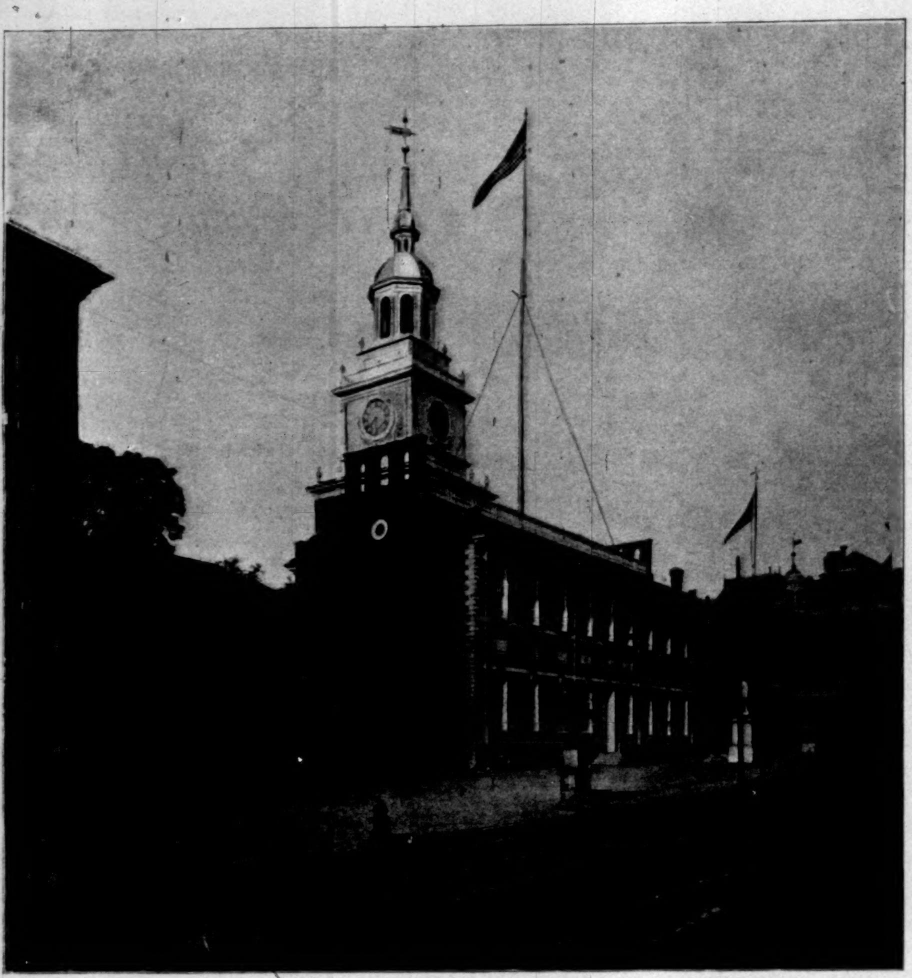
"I know what you mean by that," he rejoined in a moment. "You mean I'm hypocritical."

"Hypocritical?"

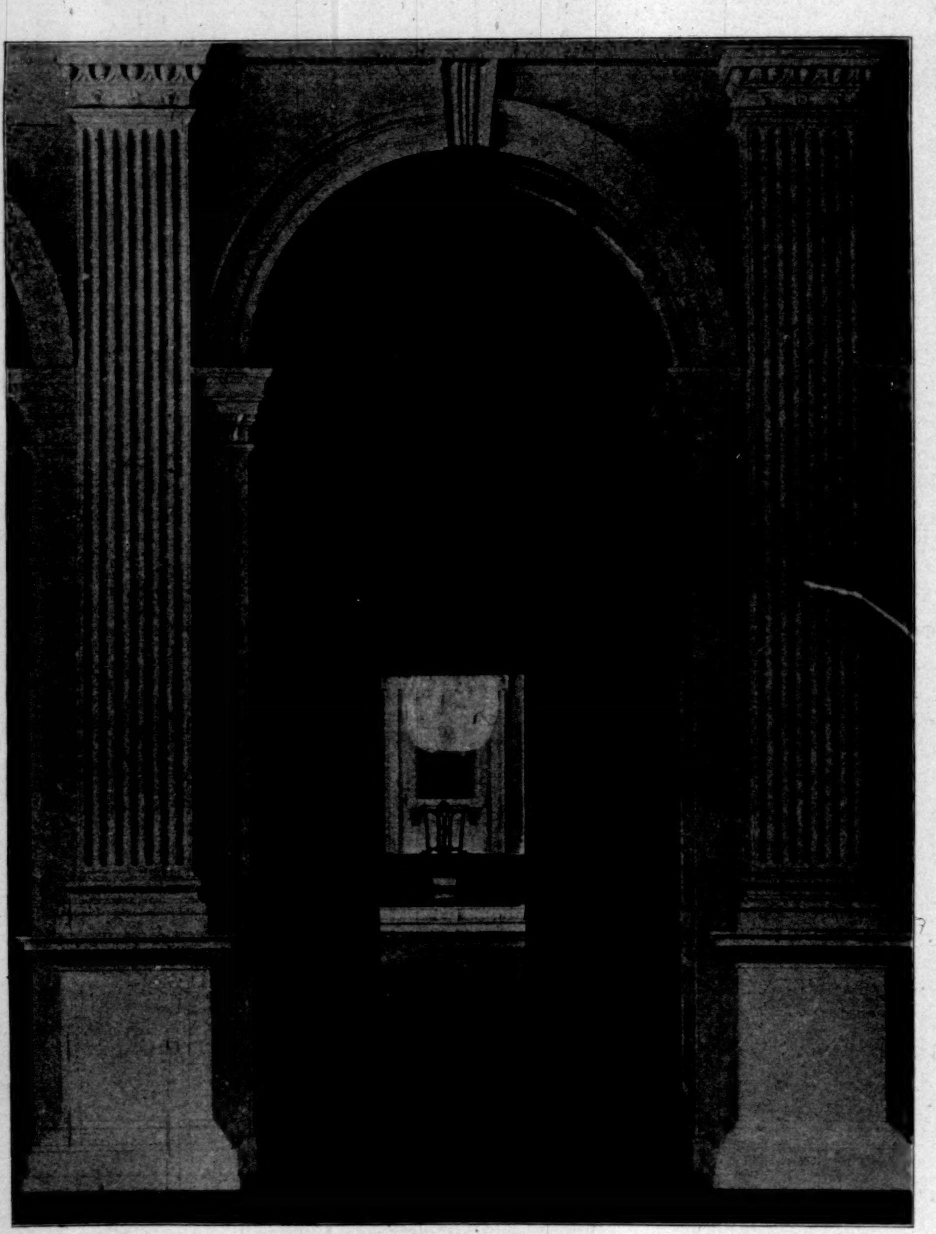
"I'm diplomatic and calculating—I don't show him how bad I am; whereas with you he knows the worst."

Of this observation Mrs. Brook, whose eyes attached themselves again to Mr. Longdon, took at first no further notice than might have been indicated by the way it set her musing. "'Calculating'?"—she at last took him up. "On what is there to calculate?"

"Why," said Vanderbank, "if, as you just hinted, he's



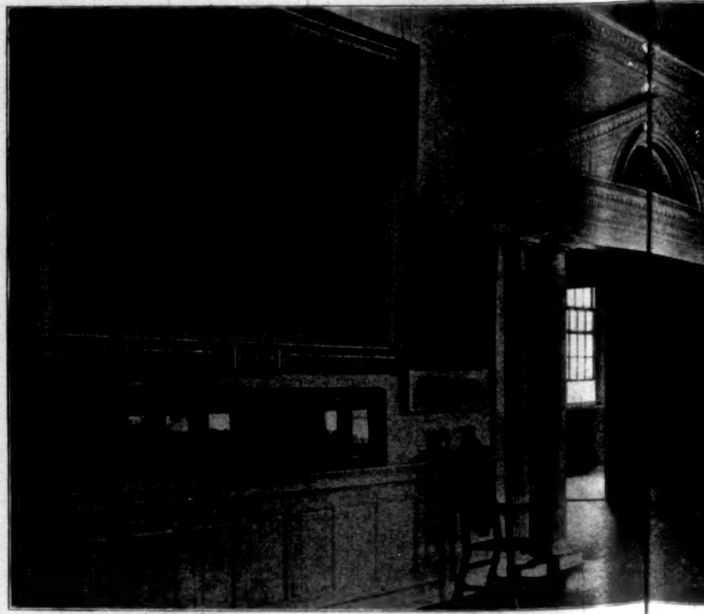
FRONT VIEW OF EXTERIOR.



VISTA THROUGH HALL.

INDEPENDENCE CHAM

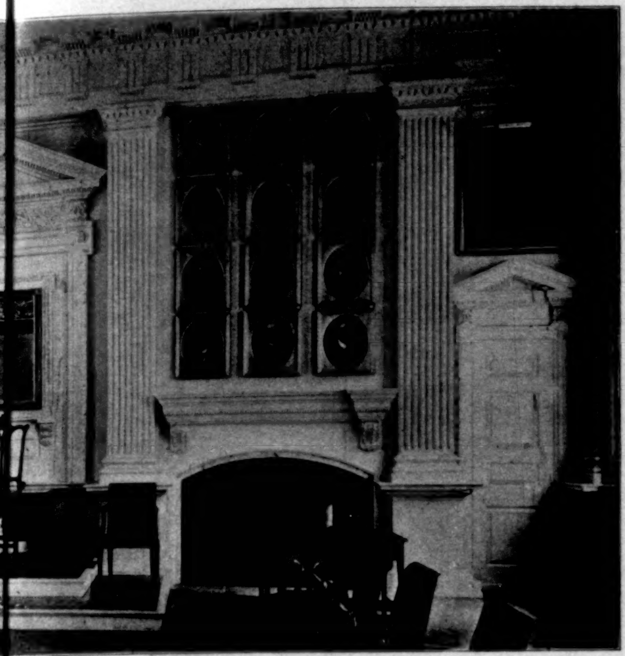
JUDICIAL CHAMBE



BANQUET HALL—WEST

THE RESTORATION OF INDEPENDE

An Illustrated Article, outlining the Plans for restoring this Historic Building in accordance with its Original Design, appeared in "Harper's Weekly"



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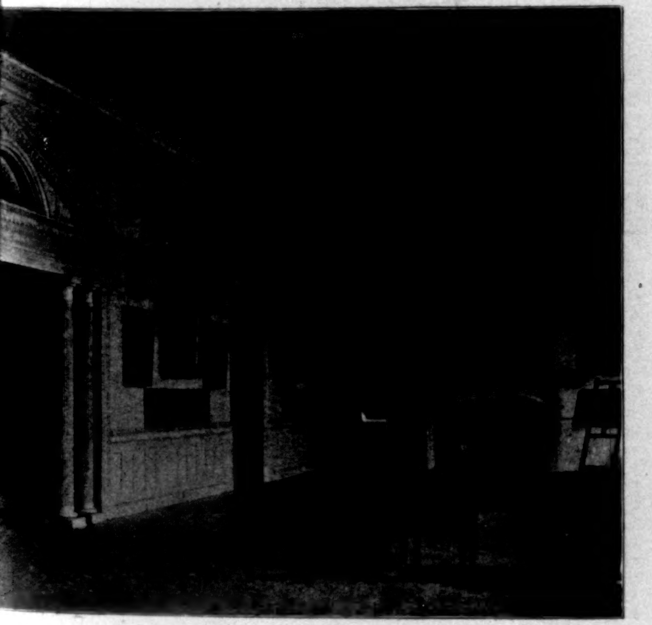
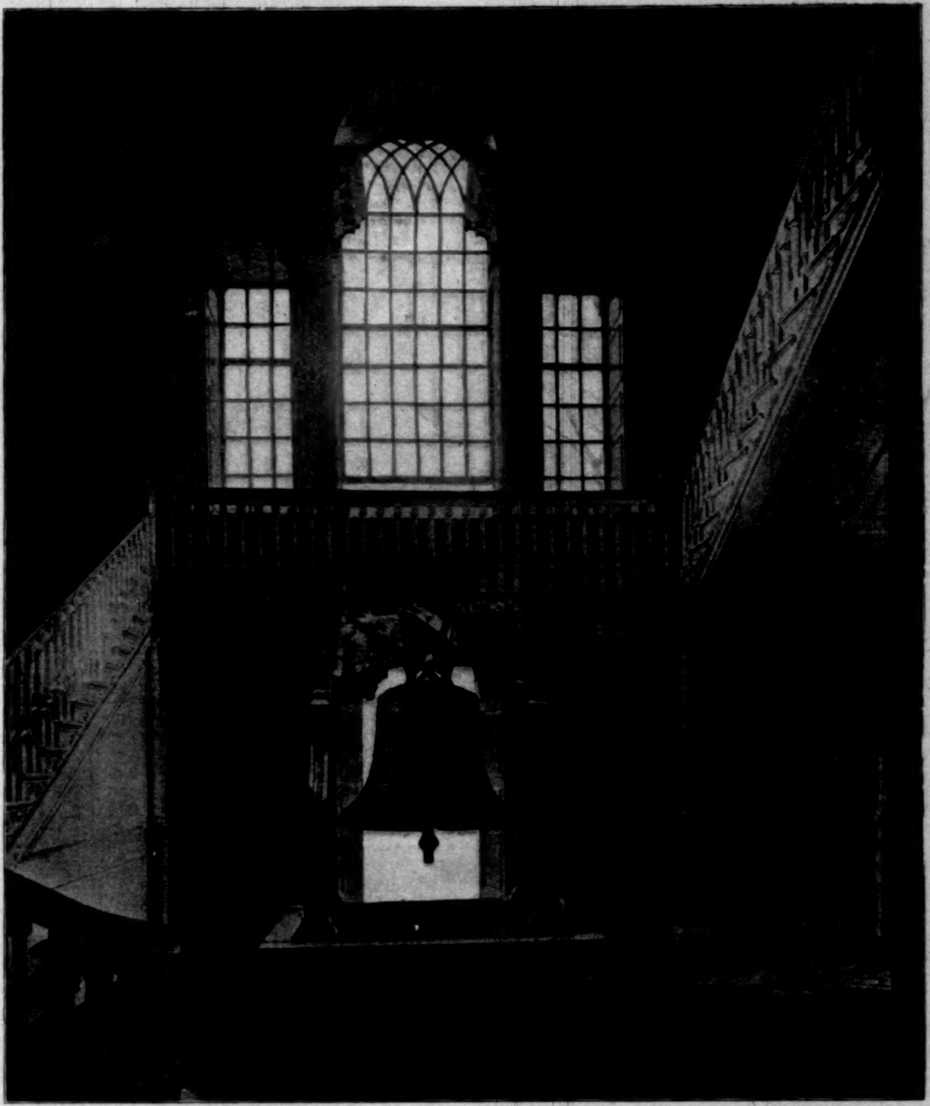
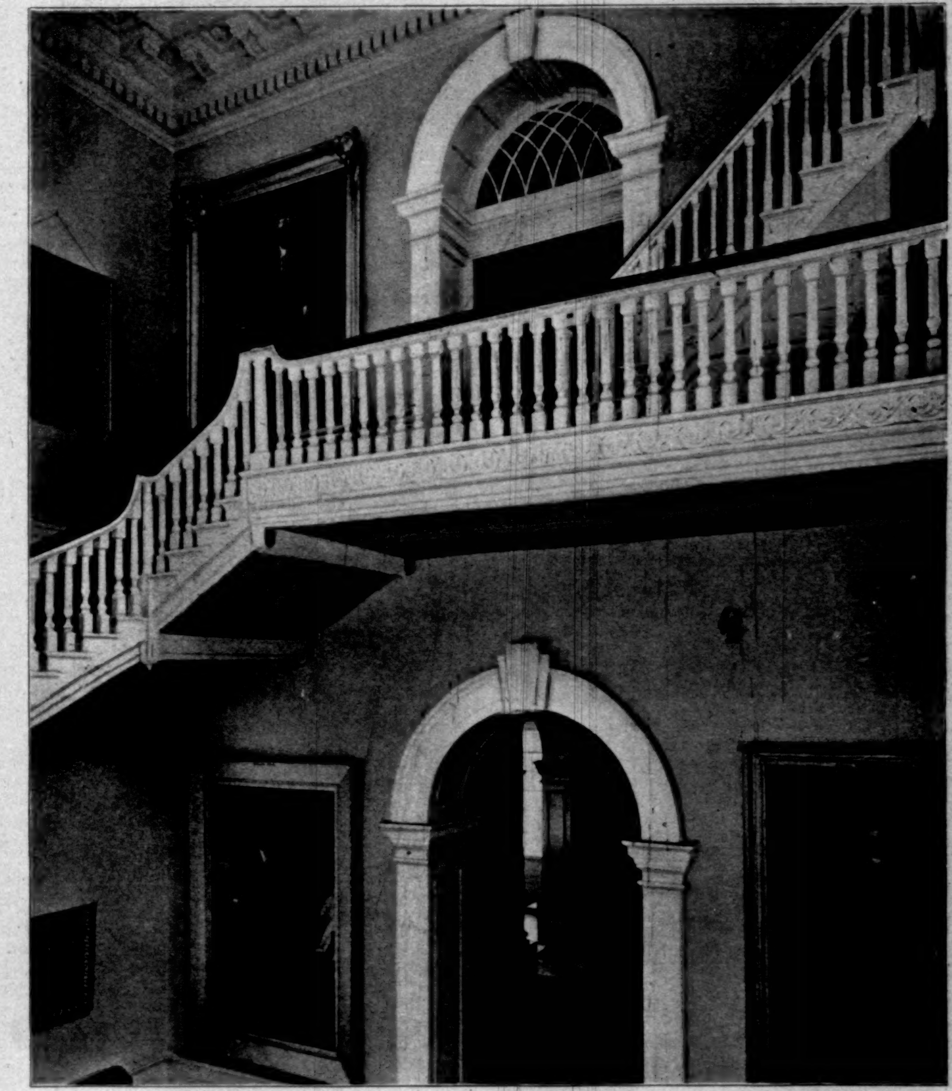


—WEST SIDE.



THE LIBERTY BELL AND STAIRWAY TO TOWER



STAIRWAY TO SECOND FLOOR, AND SMALL STAIRWAY TO BELL TOWER.

NDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

eekly" July 24, 1897. The Restoration is now Completed, and the Views herewith shown indicate how successfully the Work has been Done.

a blessing in disguise—! I perfectly admit," he resumed, "that I'm capable of sacrifices to keep on good terms with him."

"You're not afraid he'll bore you?"

"Oh yes—distinctly."

"But it will be worth it? Then," Mrs. Brook said, as he appeared to assent, "it will be worth a great deal." She continued to watch Mr. Longdon, who, without his glasses, stared straight at the floor while Mr. Cashmore talked to him. She pursued, however, dispassionately enough: "He must be of a narrowness—!"

"Oh, beautiful!"

She was silent again. "I shall broaden him. You won't."

"Heaven forbid!" Vanderbank heartily concurred. "But none the less, as I've said, I'll help you."

Her attention was still fixed. "It will be him you'll help. If you're to make sacrifices to keep on good terms with him, the first sacrifice will be of me." Then on his leaving this remark so long unanswered that she had finally looked at him again: "I'm perfectly prepared for it."

It was as if, jocosely enough, he had had time to make up his mind how to meet her. "What will you have—when he loved my mother?"

Nothing could have been droller than the gloom of her surprise. "Yours too?"

"I didn't tell you the other day—out of delicacy."

Mrs. Brookenham darkly thought. "*He* didn't tell me either."

"The same consideration deterred him. But if I didn't speak of it," Vanderbank continued, "when I arranged with you, after meeting him here at dinner, that you should come to tea with him at my rooms—if I didn't mention it then it wasn't because I hadn't learnt it early."

Mrs. Brook more deeply sounded this affair, but she spoke with the exaggerated mildness which was the form her gayety mostly took. "It was because, of course, it makes him out such a wretch! What becomes in that case of his loyalty—?"

"To your mother's memory? Oh, it's all right—he has it quite clear. She came later—mine, after my father's death, had refused him. But, you see, he might have been my step-father."

Mrs. Brookenham took it in, but she had suddenly a brighter light. "He might have been my *own* father! Besides," she went on, "if his line is to love the mothers, why on earth doesn't he love *me?* I'm in all conscience enough of one."

"Ah, but isn't there in your case the fact of a daughter?" Vanderbank asked with a slight embarrassment.

Mrs. Brookenham stared. "What good does that do me?"

"Why, didn't she tell you?"

"Nanda? She told me he doesn't like her any better than he likes me."

Vanderbank, in his turn, showed surprise. "That's really what she said?"

"She had on her return from your rooms a most unusual fit of frankness, for she generally tells me nothing."

"Well," said Vanderbank, "how did she put it?"

Mrs. Brook reflected—recovered it. "'I like him awfully, but I'm not in the least *his* idea.'"

"His idea of what?"

"That's just what I asked her. Of the proper grandchild for mamma."

Vanderbank hesitated. "Well, she isn't." Then after another pause: "But she'll do."

His companion gave him a deep look. "You'll make her?"

He got up, and on seeing him move Mr. Longdon also rose, so that, facing each other across the room, they exchanged a friendly signal or two. "I'll make her."

XV.

Their hostess's account of Mr. Cashmore's motive for not staying on was so far justified as that Vanderbank, while Mr. Longdon came over to Mrs. Brook, appeared without difficulty to engage him further. The lady in question, meanwhile, had drawn her old friend down, and her present method of approach would have interested an observer aware of the unhappy conviction that she had just privately expressed. Some trace indeed of the glimpse of it enjoyed by Mr. Cashmore's present interlocutor might have been detected in the restlessness that Vanderbank's desire to keep the other pair uninterrupted was still not able to banish from his attitude. Not, however, that Mrs. Brook took the smallest account of it as she quickly broke out: "How can we thank you enough, my dear man, for your extraordinary kindness?" The reference was vivid, yet Mr. Longdon looked so blank about it that she had immediately to explain. "I mean to dear Van, who has told us of your giving him the great happiness—unless he's too dreadfully mistaken—of letting him really know you. He's such a tremendous friend of ours that nothing so delightful can befall him without its affecting us in the same way." She had proceeded with confidence, but suddenly she pulled up. "Don't tell me he *is* mistaken—I shouldn't be able to bear it." She challenged the pale old man with a loveliness that was for the moment absolutely juvenile. "Aren't you letting him—really?"

Mr. Longdon's smile was queer. "I can't prevent him. I'm not a great house—to give orders to go over me. The kindness is Mr. Vanderbank's own, and I've taken up, I'm afraid, a great deal of his time."

"You have indeed." Mrs. Brook was undiscouraged. "He has been talking with me just now of nothing else. You may say," she went on, "that it's I who have kept him at it. So I have, for his pleasure's a joy to us. If you can't prevent what he feels, you know, you can't prevent, either, what *we* feel."

Mr. Longdon's face reflected for a minute something he could scarcely have supposed her acute enough to make out, the struggle between his real mistrust of her, founded on the unconscious violence offered by her nature to his every memory of her mother, and his sense, on the other hand, of the high propriety of his liking her; to which latter force his interest in Vanderbank was a contribution, inasmuch as he was obliged to recognize on the part of the pair an alliance it would have been difficult to explain at Beccles. "Perhaps I don't quite see the value of what your husband and you and I are in a position to do for him."

"Do you mean because he's himself so clever?"

"Well," said Mr. Longdon, "I dare say that's at the bottom of my feeling so proud to be taken up by him. I think of the young men of *my* time, and I see that he takes in more. But that's what you all do," he rather helplessly sighed. "You're very wonderful!"

She met him with an almost extravagant eagerness that the meeting should be just where he wished. "I don't take in everything, but I take in all I can. That's a great affair, in London, to-day, and I often feel as if I were a circus woman, in pink tights and no particular skirts, riding half a dozen horses at once. We're all in the troupe now, I suppose," she smiled, "and we must travel with the show. But when you say we're different," she added, "think, after all, of mamma."

Mr. Longdon stared. "It's from her you *are* different."

"Ah, but she had an awfully fine mind. We're not cleverer than she."

His conscious, honest eyes looked away an instant. "It's perhaps enough, for the present, that you're cleverer than I! I was very glad, the other day," he continued, "to make the acquaintance of your daughter. I hoped I should find her with you."

If Mrs. Brook cast about, it was but for a few seconds. "If she had known you were coming, she would certainly have been here. She wanted so to please you." Then, as her visitor took no further notice of this speech than to ask if Nanda were out of the house, she had to admit it as an aggravation of failure; but she pursued in the next breath: "Of course you won't care, but she raves about you."

He appeared indeed at first not to care. "Isn't she eighteen?"—it was oddly abrupt.

"I have to think. Wouldn't it be nearer twenty?" Mrs. Brook audaciously returned Then she tried again. "She told me all about your interview. I staid away on purpose—I had my idea."

"And what *was* your idea?"

"I thought she would remind you more of mamma if I wasn't there. But she's a little person who sees. Perhaps you didn't think it, but she knew."

"And what did she know?" asked Mr. Longdon, who was unable, however, to keep from his tone a certain coldness which really deprived the question of its proper curiosity.

Mrs. Brook just showed the chill of it, but she had always her courage. "Why, that you don't like her." She had the courage of carrying off as well as of backing out. "She too has her little place with the circus—it's the way we earn our living."

Mr. Longdon said nothing for a moment, and when he at last spoke, it was almost with an air of contradiction. "She's your mother to the life."

His hostess, for three seconds, looked at him hard. "Ah, but with such differences! You'll lose it," she added with a head-shake of pity.

He had his eyes only on Vanderbank. "Well, my losses are my own affair." Then his eyes came back. "Did she tell you I didn't like her?"

The indulgence in Mrs. Brook's view of his simplicity was marked. "You thought you succeeded so in hiding it? No matter—she bears up. I think she really feels a great deal as I do—that it's no matter how many of us you hate if you'll only go on feeling as you do about mamma. To show us *that*—that's what we want."

Nothing could have expressed more the balm of reassurance, but the mild drops fell short of the spot to which they were directed. "'Show' you?"

Oh, how he had sounded the word! "I see—you *don't* show. That's just what Nanda saw you thought! But you can't keep us from knowing it—can't keep it in fact, I think, from affecting your own behavior. You'd be much worse to us if it wasn't for the still warm ashes of your old passion." It was an immense pity that Vanderbank, at this moment, was too far off to fit, for his amusement, to the expression of his old friend's face, so much of the cause of it as had sprung from the deeply informed tone of Mrs. Brook's allusion. To what degree the speaker herself made the connection will never be known to history, nor whether, as she went on, she thought she bettered her case or simply lost her head. "The great thing for us is that we can never be for you quite like other ordinary people."

"And what's the great thing for *me?*"

"Oh, for you, there is nothing, I'm afraid, but small things—so small that they can scarcely be worth the trouble of your making them out. Our being so happy that you've come back to us—if only just for a glimpse and to leave us again, in no matter what horror, forever; our positive delight in your being exactly so different; the pleasure we have in talking about you, and shall still have—or indeed all the more—even if we've seen you only to lose you: whatever all this represents for ourselves, it's for none of us to pretend to say how much or how little *you* may pick out of it. And yet," Mrs. Brook wandered on, "however much we may disappoint you, some little spark of the past can't help being in us—for the past is the one thing beyond all spoiling: there it is, don't you think?—to speak for itself and, if need be, only *of* itself." She stopped a moment, but she appeared to have destroyed all power of speech in him, so that while she waited she had time for a fresh inspiration. It might perhaps frankly have been mentioned as on the whole her finest. "Don't you think it possible that if you once get the point of view of realizing that I *know—?*"

She held the note so long that he at last supplied a sound. "That you know what?"

"Why, that, compared with her, I'm a poor creeping thing. I mean"—she hastened to forestall any protest of mere decency that would spoil her idea—"that of course I ache in every limb with the certainty of my dreadful difference. It isn't as if I *didn't* know it, don't you see? There it is, as a matter of course: I've helplessly, but finally and completely, accepted it. Won't *that* help you?" she so ingeniously pleaded. "It isn't as if I tormented you with any recall of her whatever. I can quite see how awful it would be for you if, with the effect I produce on you, I did have her lovely eyes or her distinguished nose or the shape of her forehead or the color of her hair. Strange as it is in a daughter, I'm disconnected altogether, and don't you think I *may* be a little saved for you by becoming thus simply out of the question? Of course," she continued, "your real trial is poor Nanda—she's likewise so fearfully out of it, and yet she's so fearfully in it. And she," said Mrs. Brook wonderfully—"*she* doesn't know!"

A strange faint flush, while she talked, had come into Mr. Longdon's face, and, whatever effect, as she put it, she produced on him, it was clearly not that of causing his attention to wander. She held him at least, for weal or woe; his bright eyes grew brighter and opened into a stare that finally seemed to offer him as submerged in mere wonder. At last, however, he rose to the surface, and he appeared to have lighted, at the bottom of the sea, on the pearl of the particular wisdom he needed. "I dare say there may be something in what you so extraordinarily suggest."

She jumped at it as if in pleasant pain. "In just letting me go—?"

But at this he dropped. "I shall never let you go."

It renewed her fear. "Not just for what I *am?*"

He rose from his place beside her, but looking away from her and with his color marked. "I shall never let you go," he repeated.

"Oh, you angel!" She sprang up more quickly, and the others were by this time on their feet. "I've done it, I've done it!" she joyously cried to Vanderbank; "he likes me, or at least he can bear me—I've found him the way; and now I don't care even if he *says* I haven't." Then she turned again to her old friend. "We can manage about Nanda—you needn't ever see her. She's 'down' now; but she can go up again. We can arrange it at any rate—*c'est la moindre des choses.*"

"Upon my honor I protest," Mr. Cashmore exclaimed, "against anything of the sort! I defy you to 'arrange' that young lady in any such manner without also arranging *me.* I'm one of her greatest admirers," he gayly announced to Mr. Longdon.

Vanderbank said nothing, and Mr. Longdon seemed to show that he would have preferred to do the same; the old man's eyes might have represented an appeal to him somehow to intervene, to show the due acquaintance, springing from practice and wanting in himself, with the art of conversation developed to the point at which it could thus sustain a lady in the upper air. Vanderbank's silence might, without his mere kind, amused look, have seemed almost inhuman. Poor Mr. Longdon had finally to do his own simple best. "Will you bring your daughter to see me?" he asked of Mrs. Brookenham.

"Oh, oh—that's an idea: will you bring her to see *me?*" Mr. Cashmore again broke out.

Mrs. Brook had only fixed Mr. Longdon with the look of unutterable things. "You angel, you angel!"—they found expression but in that.

"*I* don't need to ask you to bring her, do I?" Vanderbank now said to his hostess. "I hope you don't mind my bragging all over the place of the great honor she did me the other day in appearing quite by herself."

"Quite by herself? I say, Mrs. Brook!" Mr. Cashmore stupidly went on.

It was only now that she noticed him; which she did indeed but by answering Vanderbank. "She didn't go for *you*, I'm afraid—though of course she might: she went because you had promised her Mr. Longdon. But I should have no more feeling about her going to you—and should expect her to have no more—than about her taking a pound of tea, as she sometimes does, to her old nurse, or her going to read to the old women at the workhouse. May you never have less to brag of!"

"I wish she'd bring *me* a pound of tea!" Mr. Cashmore resumed. "Or ain't I enough of an old woman to come and read to me at home?"

"Does she habitually visit the workhouse?" Mr. Longdon inquired of Mrs. Brook.

This lady kept him in a moment's suspense, which another pair of eyes might moreover have detected that Vanderbank in some degree shared. "Every Friday at three."

Vanderbank, with a sudden turn, moved slowly to one of the windows, and Mr. Cashmore had a happy remembrance. "Why, this is Friday—she must have gone to-day. But does she stay so late?"

"She was to go afterwards to little Aggie: I'm trying so, in spite of difficulties," Mrs. Brook explained, "to keep them on together." She addressed herself with a new thought to Mr. Longdon. "You must know little Aggie—the niece of the Duchess: I forget if you've met the Duchess, but you must know *her* too—there are so many things on which, I'm sure, she'll feel with you. Little Aggie's the one," she continued; "you'll delight in her; *she* ought to have been mamma's grandchild."

"Dearest lady, how can you pretend, or for a moment compare her—?" Mr. Cashmore broke in. "She says nothing to me at all."

"She says nothing to any one," Mrs. Brook serenely replied; "that's just her type and her charm—just, above all, her education." Then she appealed to Vanderbank. "Won't Mr. Longdon be struck with little Aggie, and won't he find it interesting to talk about all that sort of thing with the Duchess?"

Vanderbank came back laughing, but Mr. Longdon anticipated his reply. "What sort of thing do you mean?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brook, "the whole question, don't you know? of bringing girls forward or not. The question of—well, what do you call it?—their exposure. It's *the* question, it appears—the question of the future; it's awfully interesting, and the Duchess, at any rate, is great on it. Nanda, of course, is exposed," Mrs. Brook pursued—"fearfully."

"And what on earth is she exposed to?" Mr. Cashmore gayly demanded.

"She's exposed to *you*, it would seem, my dear fellow!" Vanderbank spoke with a certain discernible impatience not so much of the fact he mentioned as of the turn of their talk.

It might have been in almost compassionate deprecation of this weak note that Mrs. Brookenham looked at him. Her reply to Mr. Cashmore's question, however, was uttered at Mr. Longdon. "She's exposed—it's much worse—to *me*. But Aggie isn't exposed to anything—never has been and never is to be; and we're watching to see if the Duchess can carry it through."

"Why not," asked Mr. Cashmore, "if there's nothing she *can* be exposed to but the Duchess herself?"

He had appealed to his companions impartially, but Mr. Longdon, whose attention was now all for his hostess, appeared unconscious. "If you're all watching, is it your idea that I should watch *with* you?"

The inquiry, on his lips, was a waft of cold air, the sense of which clearly led Mrs. Brook to put her invitation on the right ground. "Not, of course, on the chance of anything's happening to the dear child—to whom nothing, obviously, *can* happen but that her aunt will marry her off in the shortest possible time and in the best possible conditions. No, the interest is, much more, in the way the Duchess herself steers."

"Ah, she's in a boat," Mr. Cashmore fully concurred, "that will take a good bit of that!"

It is not for Mr. Longdon's historian to overlook that if he was not unnaturally mystified, he was yet also visibly interested. "What boat is she in?"

He had addressed his curiosity, with politeness, to Mr. Cashmore, but they were all arrested by the wonderful way in which Mrs. Brook managed to smile at once very dimly, very darkly, and yet make it take them all in. "I think *you* must tell him, Van."

"Heaven forbid!"—and Vanderbank turned away.

"*I'll* tell him like a shot—if you really give me leave," said Mr. Cashmore, for whom any scruple referred itself manifestly not to the subject of the information, but to the presence of a lady.

"I *don't* give you leave, and I beg you'll hold your tongue," Mrs. Brookenham replied. "You handle such matters with a minuteness—! In short," she broke off to Mr. Longdon, "he would tell you a good deal more than you'll care to know. She *is* in a boat—but she's an experienced mariner. *Basta*, as she would say. Do you know Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook suddenly asked.

"Oh yes, he knows Mitchy"—Vanderbank had approached again.

"Then make *him* tell him"—she put it before the young man as a charming turn for them all. "Mitchy *can* be refined when he tries."

"Oh dear—when Mitchy 'tries'!" Vanderbank laughed. "I think I should rather, for the job, offer him to Mr. Longdon as abandoned to his native wild impulse."

"I *like* Mr. Mitchett," the old man said, endeavoring to look his hostess straight in the eye, and speaking as if somewhat to defy her to convict him, even from the point of view of Beccles, of a mistake.

Mrs. Brookenham took it with a wonderful bright emotion. "My dear friend, *vous me rendez la vie!* If you can stand Mitchy you can stand any of us!"

"Upon my honor, I should think so!" Mr. Cashmore was eager to remark. "What on earth do you mean," he demand of Mrs. Brook, "by saying that I'm more 'minute' than he?"

She turned her beauty an instant on this visitor. "I don't say you're more minute—I say he's more brilliant. Besides, as I've told you before, you're not one of us." With which, as a check to further discussion, she went straight on to Mr. Longdon: "The point about Aggie's conservative education is the wonderful sincerity with which the Duchess feels that one's girl may so perfectly and consistently be hedged in without one's really ever (for it comes to that,) depriving one's own self—"

"Well, of what?" Mr. Longdon boldly demanded while his hostess appeared thoughtfully to falter.

She addressed herself mutely to Vanderbank, in whom the movement produced a laugh. "I defy you," he exclaimed, "to say!"

"Well, you don't defy *me!*" Mr. Cashmore cried as Mrs. Brook failed to take up the challenge. "If you know Mitchy," he went on to Mr. Longdon, "you must know Petherton."

The old man remained vague and not imperceptibly cold. "Petherton?"

"My brother-in-law—whom, God knows why, Mitchy runs."

"Runs?" Mr. Longdon again echoed.

Mrs. Brook appealed afresh to Vanderbank. "I think we ought to spare him. I may not remind you of mamma," she continued to their companion, "but I hope you don't mind my saying how much you remind me. Explanations, after all, spoil things, and if you *can* make anything of us, and will sometimes come back, you'll find everything in its native freshness. You'll see, you'll feel for yourself."

Mr. Longdon stood before her and raised to Vanderbank, when she had ceased, the eyes he had attached to the carpet while she talked. "And must I go now?" Explanations, she had said, spoiled things, but he might have been a stranger at an Eastern court, comically helpless without his interpreter.

"If Mrs. Brook desires to 'spare' you," Vanderbank kindly replied, "the best way to make sure of it would perhaps indeed be to remove you. But hadn't we a hope of Nanda?"

"It might be of use for us to wait for her?"—it was still to his young friend that Mr. Longdon put it.

"Ah, when she's once on the loose—!" Mrs. Brookenham sighed. "Unless *la voilà*," she said the next moment, as a hand was heard at the door-latch. It was only, however, a footman who entered with a little tray that, on his approaching his mistress, offered to sight the brown envelope of a telegram. She immediately took leave to open this missive, after the quick perusal of which she had another vision of them all. "It *is* she—the modern daughter. 'Tishy keeps me dinner and opera; clothes all right; return uncertain, but if before morning have latch-key.' She won't come home till morning!" said Mrs. Brook.

"But think of the comfort of the latch-key!" Vanderbank laughed. "You might go to the opera," he said to Mr. Longdon.

"Hanged if *I* don't!" Mr. Cashmore exclaimed.

Mr. Longdon appeared to have caught from Nanda's message an obscure agitation; he met his young friend's suggestion, at all events, with visible intensity. "Will you go with me?"

Vanderbank had just hesitated, recalling engagements; which gave Mrs. Brook time to intervene. "Can't you live without him?" she asked of her elder friend.

Vanderbank had looked at her an instant. "I think I can get there late," he then replied to Mr. Longdon.

"I think *I* can get there early," Mr. Cashmore declared. "Mrs. Grendon must have a box; in fact I know which, and *they* don't," he jocosely continued to his hostess.

Mrs. Brook, meanwhile, had given Mr. Longdon her hand. "Well, at any rate, the child *shall* soon come to you. And oh, alone," she insisted; "you needn't make phrases—I know too well what I'm about."

"One hopes really you do," pursued the unquenched Mr. Cashmore. "If that's what one gets by having known your mother!"

"It wouldn't have helped you," Mrs. Brook retorted. "And won't you have to say it's all you were to get?" she pityingly murmured to her other visitor.

He turned to Vanderbank with a strange gasp, and Vanderbank said "Come!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RED CROSS.

ST. GEORGE, I learned to love thee in my youth
When of thy deeds I read in deathless song;
And now when I behold the dragon Wrong
Hard by the castle gates of Love and Truth,
I feel the world's great need of thee, forsooth,
To strike the heavy blow delayed too long.
Then turning from the mediæval throng,
Where thou wert bravest, yet the first in ruth,
I watch thy votaries by land and sea
Armed with thy sacred sign go forth to fight
Anew the battles of humanity
Beneath the flag of mercy and of right;
No holier band a holier realm e'er trod
Than this—the world's knight-errantry of God!

CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE.

PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

PHOTOGRAPHY nowadays is pursued more or less seriously by such a large number of people that widespread interest will be taken in the first exhibition of the Philadelphia Photographic Salon. American exhibitors have made a conspicuous mark at the salons in London and Paris. For example, in the persons of Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, and Mr. William A. Fraser they took two out of the six medals awarded this year by the Royal Society. The American work, moreover, is characterized by so much individuality and artistic feeling—the very qualities that the foreign salons are pledged to promote—that the only wonder is that we have had to wait so long for a representative exhibition in this country. By a very happy idea, the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, in resolving to establish a salon, allied itself with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The society has already been in existence twenty-six years, and has always exacted of its members a very high standard of excellence; and the Academy is the oldest art institution in the country. The child of their union, this Photographic Salon, comes, therefore, of good stock, and takes its place in the art world at once as worthy of serious recognition. Its position is still further assured by the methods attending its introduction. Instead of ushering it in with a large retinue of exhibits, the committee have limited the display to a comparatively small number, distinguished by superlative excellence. The purpose of the salon has been to exhibit "only such pictures, produced by photography, as may give distinct evidences of individual artistic feeling and execution." Out of fifteen hundred examples submitted, a selection was made of two hundred and fifty-nine, which seemed to fulfil in the highest degree these requirements. The jury was composed of Messrs. W. M. Chase and Robert W. Vonnoh, painters; Miss Alice Barber Stephens, illustrator; and Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Robert S. Redfield, photographers. These names are a sufficient guarantee not only of the fairness of the selection, but also of the high degree of artistic excellence that has been striven for. The result, as shown on the walls of the Academy, will be an inspiration to students of the art, and a delightful revelation to laymen. It is an artistic triumph for the Salon.

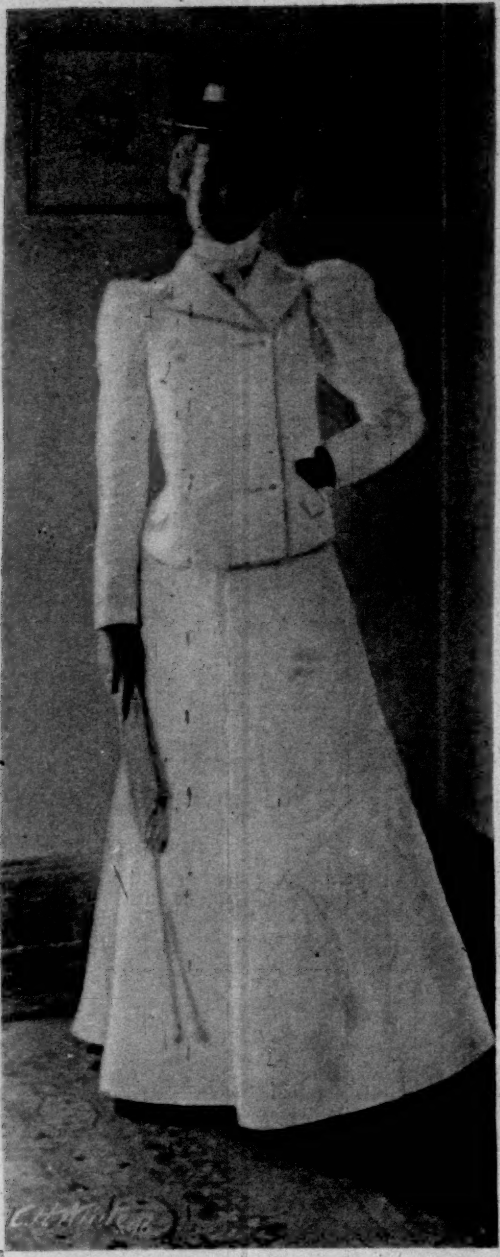
The first thing that impresses the visitor is the wide range of possibilities to which photography lends itself when guided by skill and artistic feeling. One hundred workers are represented, and yet there is little, if any, repetition of effects. The latter, too, show distinct evidence of being suggested by the personal temperament of the photographer. There was a time when he seemed to strive only to make his print as unlike a photograph as possible, and to emulate the effects of water-color, etching, mezzotint, and so on. The results were very surprising, and called forth such exclamations as "Who would suppose that to be a photograph?" It was a species of legerdemain, tricky, and, by repetition, tiresome. And it was a false issue; for while the picture gained a little by emulating some other medium with which it could not wholly compete, it lost a great deal more in abandoning the essential qualities of a photograph—its accuracy of vision, the exquisite minuteness of detail, in which nothing else can rival it. The present exhibition is not without evidences that this mistaken purpose still influences some people; but, on the whole, it is refreshingly free from such small and inadequate motives. The majority of the exhibitors clearly realize that photography has not only artistic possibilities, but an existence and charm independent of other branches of art. Consequently its development must be sought along the lines of photography by emphasizing to the utmost its own inherent qualities, and not by imitating the effects peculiar to other and entirely different arts. One sees this in both the portraiture and the landscapes. The pioneer amateur used to consider far more some Rembrandtesque or other pictorial effect in his portrait than the procuring of a faithful likeness. The latter was left to the photographer of commerce. The amateur was striving for what he fancied to be some higher quality. But the highest quality of any art is its direct relation to human life; and photography, with its all-seeing eye and accurate method of registering impressions, possesses this quality in a very peculiar degree. It is capable of providing a substitute for painted portraits within the reach of all; of being a development of art distinctively appropriate to these democratic times. Herein is surely scope enough for the most ambitious worker. To make a portrait a beautiful picture without losing the value of a faithful likeness is a real contribution both to art and to human happiness. One of the most interesting features of the present exhibition is the number of examples which prove that this has been the end in view.

One may cite "the portrait of Mrs. H," included among the illustrations on another page, by Mr. Clarence H. White, of Newark, Ohio. It has all the appearance of being a characteristic portrait, and its treatment as a picture sets one comparing it with a recent picture by Mr. Sargent. There is very considerable art in the management of the white dress. The freshness and breeziness of the costume are preserved, without any glare, and the shadows are soft. A harmonious unity is felt all through the picture. Amongst a batch of very clever examples by Miss Mathilde Weil, of Philadelphia, are a beautiful study of a young girl with roses in her hair, entitled "Rosa Rosarum," and the laughing face of a little child. The latter is a perfect representation of child beauty, and in its round frame affords a rich spot of decoration. A most remarkable collection of ten exhibits bears the name of Mrs. Gertrude Kasébier, of New York. They are distinguished by a marked and exceedingly captivating individuality. "The Study," shown among the accompanying illustrations, will give some idea of the force and distinctiveness of her style. But other of her exhibits prove that she does not lose these qualities when she devotes herself to portraiture. She shows pictures of a lady and gentleman which produce an astonishing conviction that they represent the sitters at their best, and have pictorial qualities that set you thinking of some of Mr. Whistler's work. She also exhibits a "Mother and Child" which deserves the highest praise. A very fascinating picture of a "Child with Doll" is shown by Mrs. Thomas Eakins. The sturdily modelled fat little face, very Dutch in character, is bending over the wooden features of her doll, and the light catches both in that strong and masterly way that is seen in the portraits of Franz Hals. Mr. Clayton S. Harris sends a portrait of a woman—simply a face illuminated by lamp or fire light. The luminous and lambent effect of the light is wonderfully depicted. Four examples are contributed by Miss Frances B. Johnston, very charming, as all her work is, but not as distinguished and individual as many of the other exhibits. An "Indian Study," by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley, of New York, included among the illustrations elsewhere, is remarkable for its representation of the texture of the flesh and for the suggestion of color; and "Lena," by Mr. Allen D Cook, of Philadelphia, is a beautiful bit of strong and sensitive portraiture.

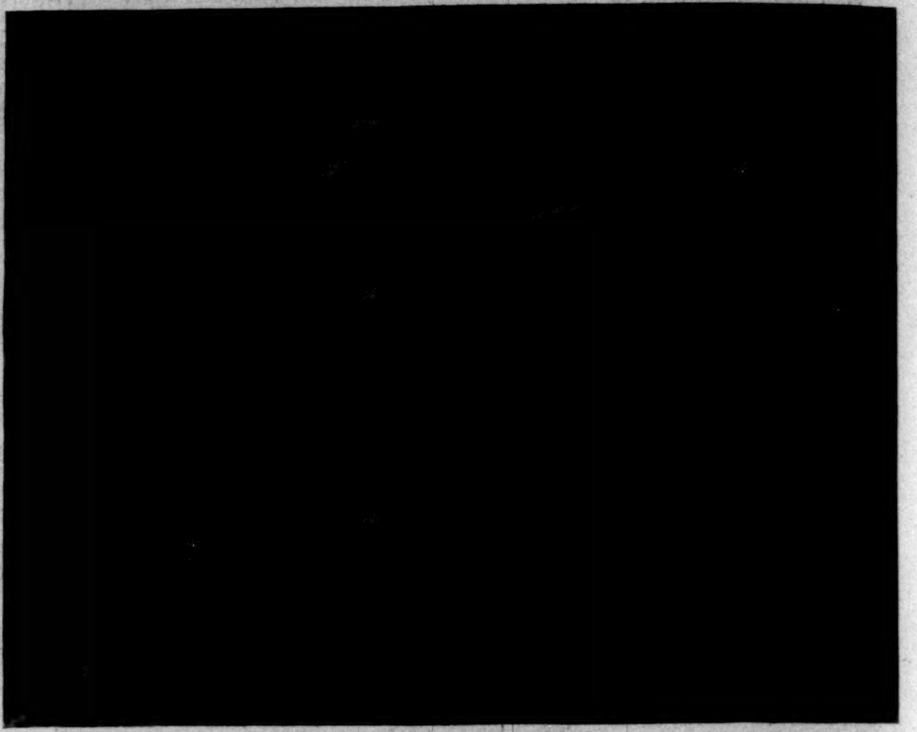
Among the landscapes are three pictures by Mr. William A. Fraser, of New York, which, to a layman at any rate, have a surprising interest. They represent night scenes in New York city—two of a snowy street, apparently Fifth Avenue, and the third of Columbus Circle on a wet night. The last received the Royal Society's medal before alluded to, so that it is fair to assume that the picture has exceptional interest. The humidity of the atmosphere, the drippiness of the whole scene, is marvellously rendered, while the pin points and streaks of light from the lamps, the looming monument and blur of buildings beyond, combine to make a composition that is mysterious and fascinating. "Lines in Pleasant Places," by Mr. John G. Bullock, of Philadelphia, is one of the frank recognitions of what photography can do in depicting nature. There is no attempt to slur the definiteness of detail so as to produce some fancied artistic effect. All the delightful tracery of foliage, plants, and flowers is faithfully preserved, and yet does not detract from the homogeneous character of the *ensemble*. The darks and lights are well distributed and the various planes of the picture truthfully rendered. But these qualities are not peculiar to this exhibit. It is a gratifying sign that they characterize the majority of the out-door scenes. Mr. S. Hudson Chapman, of Philadelphia, shows a "Sunday on the Beach at Capri," with fishing-boats drawn up on a reach of sand, flanked by quaint stone houses and a stretch of rocky coast. The sun is burning down on the scene, and the details make a mosaic of dark and light. Among the illustrations will be found "Keepers of the Crest," by Mr. J. Page Croft, of Birmingham, England. The subject has been most excellently chosen; the quiet evening light is truthfully rendered; and the rock-pines not only form an effective silhouette, but express their own bulk and solidity. Miss Mary Devens, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shows four pieces of much power, produced, apparently, by the gum bichromate process, in which the intensity of the development is regulated by the operator, who lays on the solution with a brush. It is a process demanding much artistic feeling and technical skill, and obtains a result, in Miss Devens's case, that is extraordinarily rich and velvety. However, it is almost invidious to single out names. A complete list of the pictures that one saw with pleasure and would like to see again is impossible. The average of the landscapes is fully up to that of the portraits, and is distinguished by quite as much artistic feeling and individuality of expression.

That class of picture which comes in between these two—the subject picture—is more unequal in its standard. A few are strikingly interesting, some indifferently so, and a few—the most ambitious—objectionable. The success or failure would appear to be the result of how they were originated. The best seem to have come almost by accident. A possibility was latent. It has been developed. This is particularly apparent in a remarkable picture by Mr. F. H. Day, of Boston, whose exhibit of eight examples has been assigned the place of honor in the gallery. The one alluded to is called "Ebony and Ivory," which represents the nude figure of a Nubian holding an ivory statuette. The figure looms as a dark mass against a darker background, and the one spot of light is the statuette. The imagination is at once captivated by the sentiment suggested. Just as spontaneous in its apparent origin is "A Farmer's Daughter," by Mr. Archibald Cochrane, of Scotland. The girl is standing in a field of rye, a strong and simple figure, with the flap of her sun-bonnet blown across her cheek. The charm of the picture is brought out by the way in which it has been printed. When, however, the photographer has deliberately set about making a subject picture, he invites our scepticism from the start. The result bears no more resemblance to a composition which grows out of a painter's reflection and study than machine-made wood-carving does to the work which expresses the individuality of some one man's feeling and execution. It is a sham presentment. The limit of mistake is reached by two exhibits, one of seven heads crowned with thorns, purporting to represent the "Seven Last Words" from the Cross, and the other, a dead Christ with the Magdalen bathing his feet with her tears. In the latter case a wound has been painted on the side of the model. Surely claptrap and misapprehension of the province and mission of art can go no further!

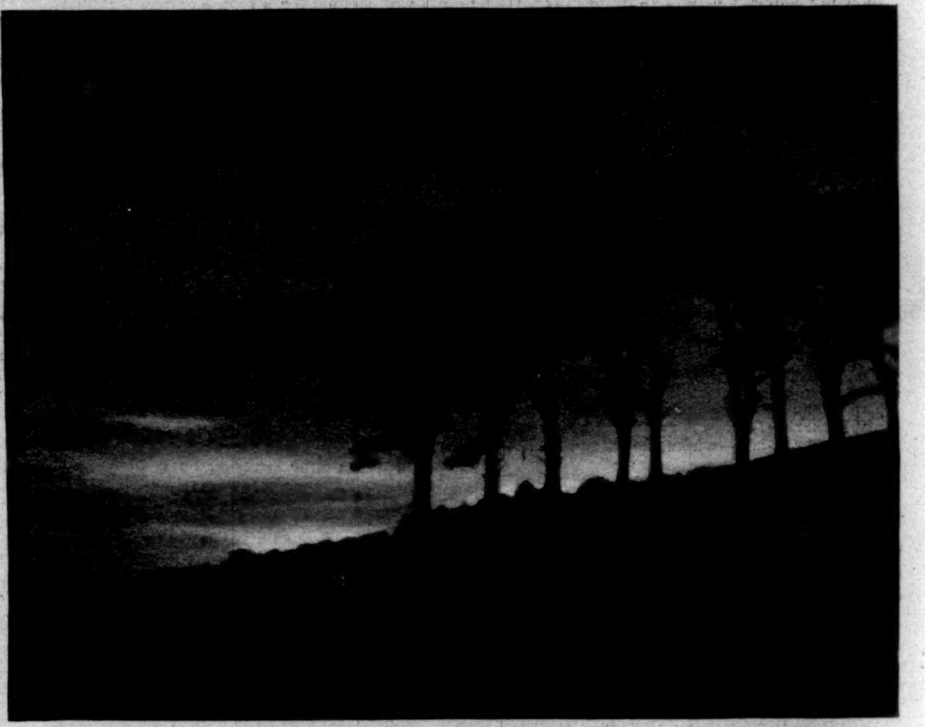
CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



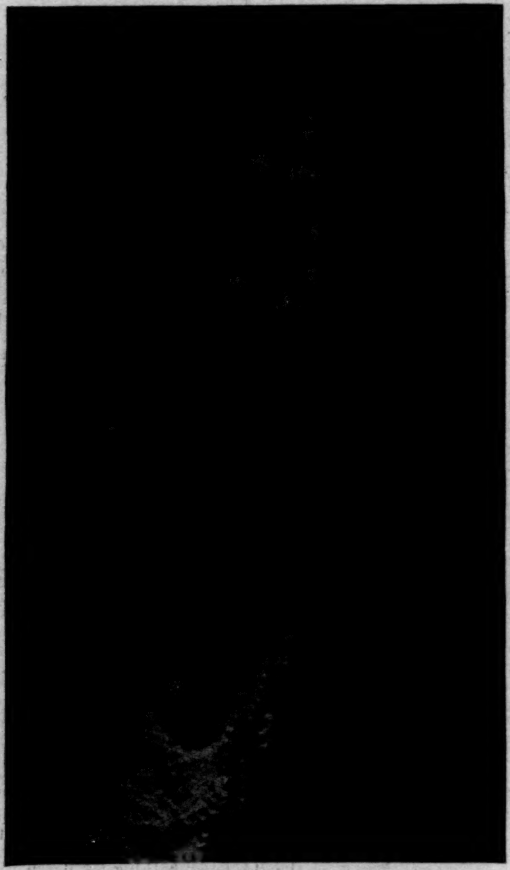
PORTRAIT OF MRS. H.—CLARENCE H. WHITE.



"A VILLAGE SMITHY."—EDGAR G. LEE.



"KEEPERS OF THE CREST."—J. PAGE CROFT.

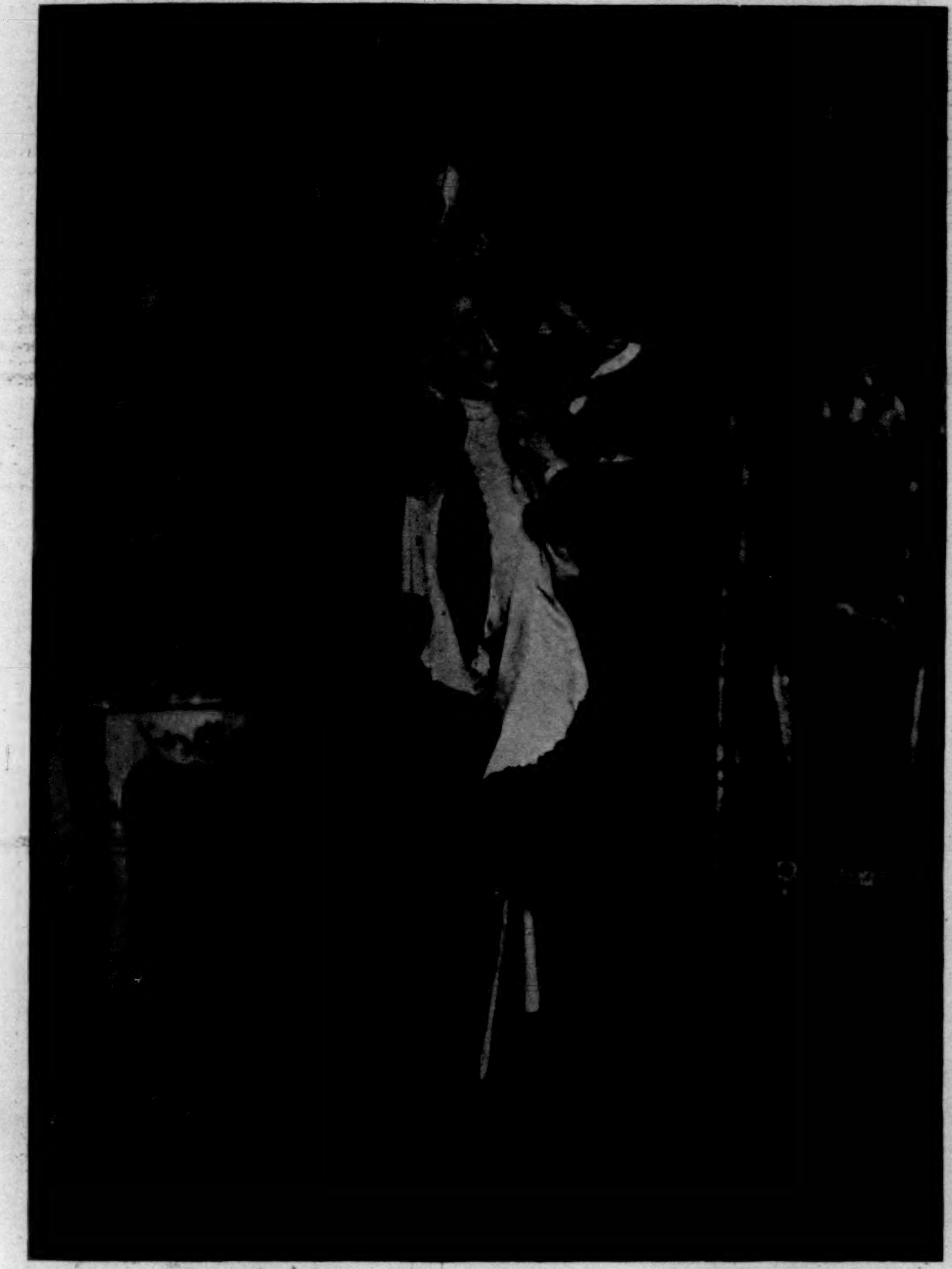


PORTRAIT (INDIAN GIRL).—JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

A STUDY.—GERTRUDE KASÉBIER.

"A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND."—CHARLES L. MITCHELL.

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS AT THIS YEAR'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 1087.]



SARAH COWELL-LE MOYNE AND FRANK WORTHING,
As the *Duchess de Coutras* and the *Duke de Coutras*, in Henri Lavedan's Comedy, "Catherine," as performed at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

DRAMA
EDWARD EDWARDS

Annie Russell and others in "Catherine."

THERE is a season in the drama for the many and a season for the few. The season for the many began with the annual ebullition of comic opera. I had thought the season for the few was to begin with "Cyrano," but, thanks to a small matter of a nose or so, to the scandalous proceedings of our leading theatrical manager, and to Mr. Mansfield's sense of popular taste, "Cyrano" now belongs to the many. And, thanks to a screed on that wretched nose, there is space for only a paragraph or so on the opening of the season for the few. I can at least give them the place of distinction.

Annie Russell has come back from her *succès d'estime* in London, and is bringing out "Catherine" at the Garrick, the play with which Henri Lavedan is supposed to have bidden for Meilhac's vacant seat in the Academy. In one night the spell of that gloriously impossible *Cyrano* is broken, and those who care for art that embodies with simple truth the living human soul are worshipping without reserve. The play is an old story in new setting. King Cophetua is the *Duke de Coutras;* the beggar-maid is *Catherine Vallon*, his sister's music-teacher; and it all has to do with the problem of caste—the generous motives that make the *Duke* marry, for her beauty, sincerity, and courage, a young woman of humble position in the world; and the fatal power of tradition and convention that all but wreck the marriage. On the whole, it is a pretty enough play—at once sentimental in the modern French manner of sentiment, and discoursive in the Ibsen vein; but if, as is reported, it was consciously aimed at the conventionally proper tastes of the Academy, then M. Lavedan's consciousness of what is seemly, is truly Gallic. The catastrophe comes from the fact that the *Duke's* cousin (Elsie de Wolfe) wooes him from the path of marital virtue in broad daylight and an evening gown, and would triumph if it were not for the sudden appearance of *Catherine*. But though, as usual, Miss Russell is unfortunate in her choice of a play, her audience is, as usual, most fortunate in Miss Russell! A first-nighter beside me remarked that there are only two women on the stage in America who, in any true sense of the word, are actresses. The other shall be as you wish, but the one is Miss Russell. Her masque—the technical word must be my excuse for bluntness—is not in itself beautiful, but it is all the more serviceable as a masque for that. It is sensitive in every fibre, and within her range of expression is apparently under absolute control. In the lift of one point of an eyebrow, or in the smile of a corner of the mouth, there is more of deftness and accuracy of expression than are to be found in the entire cast of many a play on Broadway; and when occasion requires, every muscle plays its part in creating a sum total of effect. At times the effect is simple and strong—the joy of love or the pain, hopeless sadness or a burst of mirth and of amusement, enthusiasm for the beauty or despair for the sordidness of life. At other times a dozen emotions seem to blend into one another. When the *Duke*, who quite plainly is in love with her, makes excuses to detain her—his sister's music-teacher—it is worth a journey to the Garrick merely to see at one glance the deep joy and the disquiet in her eyes, the latent smile in one corner of a very pensive mouth. And when she is finally prevailed upon to be seated, there is nothing funnier in the play than the amused *gaucherie*, the happy consciousness, with which her hands fold themselves in her lap. At that movement of ten fingers the audience of the first night rustled with enjoyment and understanding. In the one passage the whole of *Catherine's* character was adumbrated. It seemed a very modern character—full of a sweet sense of the possibilities of life, and of patient amusement at its futilities, the pinch of pain that is almost a smile, with an undertone of world sadness. I felt sure that it quite belonged to the last quarter of our century, until I remembered the half-smile of Lionardo. Anything that is so poignantly true must be eternal!

Others in the play are only less notable than Miss Russell. They are Frank Worthing, Joseph Holland, W. J. Le Moyne, Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne, Elsie de Wolfe, Ethel Barrymore. Their qualities would make a list of the virtues and excellences of impersonation; but nothing is so sad as a category of virtues and excellences! After all is said, they remain to be seen. Yet Mrs. Le Moyne deserves a word, if only as a tribute. As the mother of the *Duke* she wisely and sweetly abets him in his love for *Catherine;* and then, when he proves unequal to his high resolution, she wisely and firmly prompts the best there is in his nature. There is as much breadth and substance in her part as in *Catherine's;* and the presentation of the play is so admirably regulated and proportioned that, in spite of the prominence given Miss Russell in the play-bill, Mrs. Le Moyne achieves a large, if not equal, share in the success of the whole.

Though the play is assured of a moderate success, it can scarcely have more than an ordinary run. It is not well built, and has no real quality of its own beyond a skilful eclecticism. And then the audience. When the *Duke's* mother proposes her son's marriage with *Catherine*, the translator makes *Catherine's* father say, "This is so sudden!" And the wisdom of the translator is shown by the fact that everybody laughs. And in another passage, when the *Duke* finds that his mother rejoices in his choice, speaking well of *Catherine*, the *Duke* says, "Go on!" This the audience take for slang, and laughs almost as joyously as if some one had said *damn*. It scarcely seems likely that such an audience will care for the best that Mr. Charles Frohman's company has for them. It remains for us who regard ourselves as the few to flock to see Miss Russell in all our multitudes.

Again that Nose of *Cyrano's*.

The Æsthetics of Toes and Noses.

The threatened fad has come; as this department foreboded a month ago, *Cyrano's* nose has fallen heir to the fame of *Trilby's* toes. Our misfortune is mitigated, however, by the fact that the nose has raised a question in the æsthetics of the drama that was lacking in the case of the toes. It is reported from Paris that a sculptor, who was engaged to make a statue of Coquelin as *Cyrano*, refused to produce *le nez terrible*, and that Coquelin refused to have a statue without it. Mr. Mansfield apparently sides with the sculptor, for he has ingeniously constructed a cartilage that is literally true to the epithets *Cyrano* applies to it, and at the same time, as is shown in our illustration of three weeks ago, vanishes when seen from straight in front. By turning his full face to the audience, Mr. Mansfield can be as good-looking and as affecting as he likes. Yet even this vanishing nose displeases some of the critics. Mr. William Winter asserts that it is a mistake to make a romantic hero ugly, and that no art of the actor can ever redeem the nose. And now some one signing himself "Actor-Manager," who sets forth so clearly Mr. Mansfield's views, that we have not a moment of doubt that he is Mr. Mansfield, writes a letter to the New York *Sun*, arguing that the nose should be made to vanish altogether, and plainly states as a reason that he is afraid people will laugh at it. He even hints that in unpolished precincts the nose may become a mark for bad eggs and cabbages from the gallery. Like the Parisian sculptor, he is at odds with the author and the "creator" of the rôle, and is bent on dodging the nose. As for the sculptor, he possibly knew his business. The resources of sculpture—rigid lines and colorless form—are so meagre that probably no sculptor could copy Coquelin's nose without ruining all hope of the dignity of port and the humanity of soul that are quite as essential to the character. But drama is more free than sculpture: no line is rigid, and every form has also all the colors of life. The actor has motion of body, too, and finally the supreme advantage of speech. By using all the resources of the drama with creative sympathy, M. Coquelin has been able to make a sum total of effect in which, at the moments of white heat, the bulbous nose—*le nez terrible*—is an insignificant detail. If Mr. Mansfield feels obliged to sink the nose by artifice, it is because, as has already been pointed out, he lacks the creative force, the expansiveness of temperament, that the play requires. If he possessed these, he would find, as Mr. Coquelin has found, that the touch of grotesque the nose lends is a positive aid in his serious and imaginative effects.

The use of the grotesque to re-enforce the beautiful is admirably illustrated in the art of the two periods in which the genius of our Northern races has been most spontaneous and powerful. On the face of the north transept of the Cathedral of Paris is a Virgin that is no less austere and gracious than a figure from the Pheidian pediment. On the north tower of the same cathedral is a

THE DEMON OF PARIS.

Bad Eggs for good Noses.

grotesque that embodies more perhaps of the tyranny and malignity of nature than any other plastic figure. It is the so-called Demon of Paris that Méryon has pictured as the genius of the wickedest of cities. To the completeness of the mediæval cathedral the Demon was no less necessary than the Virgin; and when, later, mediæval architects lost the idea of assembling the beautiful and the grotesque in one supreme whole, they lost the power of creative building. That power was never regained until Shakspere perfected what has happily been called the Gothic drama. The most obvious instance of many possible ones is "The Tempest." The Virgin of the north transept is not more beautiful than *Ariel* and *Miranda*. The Demon of Paris is a no more masterly embodiment of the malignity of nature than *Caliban*—that monster, "legged like a man, and his fins like arms, with a very ancient and fishlike smell." Yet, as has often been remarked, the beautiful figures of the cathedral and of the play are no more poetic in essence than these grotesque monsters; and without the contrast, both of form and of idea, that the grotesque alone can give, they would lack the ultimate import of beauty. From these master-works to *Cyrano* is a far cry, but the artistic intention in contrasting the grotesque and the noble is the same. If *Cyrano* were less than the man he is, the nose would be without significance; and if it were not for the grotesque of the nose, the ecstatic chivalry of his character must have remained in the main unexpressed. Nothing short of a hideous disfigurement would account for the *Cyrano* of the play, and in special for his self-effacement in those fifteen years during which he knew that *Roxane* was mourning for him and for him only. Let us have "Hamlet" with the *Prince* left out—though no acting manager has been found who would sacrifice himself to the extent involved by that; but let us not dodge that nose of *Cyrano's*. If Mr. Mansfield has reason to fear eggs and cabbages, let him dodge the eggs and cabbages. That would be a far more dignified performance artistically than to dodge the nose.

JOHN CORBIN.

MUSIC

PAST AND PRESENT.

Musical America in 1830.

A COLLECTION of curious yellowed letters was in my hands last week. They were written by a lively and engaging young Irishman visiting the United States for a few months in 1830. He was something of an amateur musician, and he took notice of aspects of music wherever he happened to be stationed. In New York he wrote: "There is a reasonably good orchestra to be made up at any time in this city, as well as in a few other cities, I am told. But this country is so vast, and the towns where the Cultivated live are so wide apart, that no system one can think of can ever spread good playing and superior vocalism around more than a few communities." A year earlier a correspondent of the London *Harmonicon* is found writing of the "incredible trouble" that the great Garcia met to collect "a tolerable band," and of "the want of musicians and the utter ignorance of music throughout the country." Such was orchestral America two generations ago.

Changed Conditions.

The Novembers in full musical years such as edify this generation of "the Cultivated" (that capitalization is too delightful to be neglected) are in nothing more interesting than in the annual flight toward New York of prospectuses and announcements from other cities, greater or smaller. These prove that New York and "a few communities" no longer condense the musical welfare of a country that is, in a sense, enormously vaster than seventy years ago knew it. Before me, as I write, is a whole pile of such interesting matter. North and South on our Eastern coast, and especially in the tremendous procession of the West's great marts, an independent musical public grows and grows. The railway systems that have built up small cities into great ones, giving systematic facilities for exploiting concert and opera as a mere process of radiation from an Atlantic centre, do not wholly account for it. Musical management, as a great business, is not a determinative. The generosity of men, in one place or another, who love music and put their bank-accounts at its service, the liberality of women, who guarantee an orchestra's season, an opera week, or a star course, are not the great factors. There must be less artificial leaven and life. No; whatever notions of discouragement come now and then where a community—and New York is not at all beyond giving such examples—seems musically apathetic, misguided, or relatively small, we may each November feel surer of sectional musical taste in advanced activity. There is wide willingness to pay for its nourishment in communities locally standing far removed from our town and from each other. Aid of one kind or another may be required. The foreign soloist, too, for better or worse, is still sought from New York. But in more than one instance the "provincial" public has something better in music's material than New York yet possesses, and centres itself on it with a sincerity and a democratic ardor worth our copying.

MR. MORIZ ROSENTHAL,
Pianist.

The coming Season round about the Country.

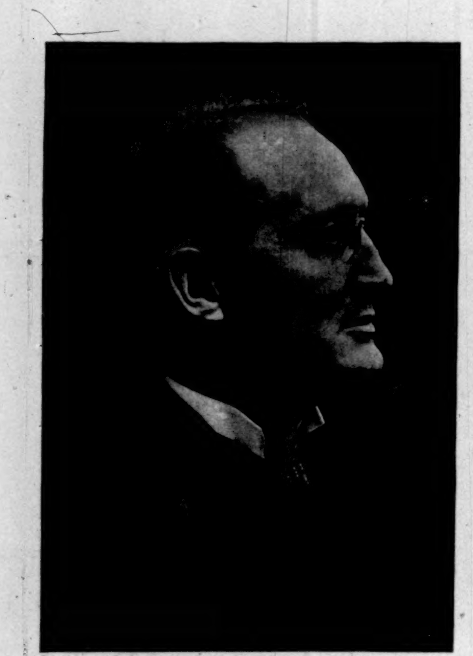
Let us glance at a few instances, merely those that lie nearest to hand. New England has passed its annual epidemic of music festivals lately, Worcester, Bangor, and Portland included particularly; and such cities as Worcester, Springfield, New Haven, Hartford, Portland, Providence, and numerous others have announcements that show how a more even current of musical life will keep on throbbing through them. Boston and far Chicago do not nowadays require much demonstration. Both those cities are full of a sense of the value of their superfine orchestras, respectively directed by two of the most admirable educational guides now living—Mr. Gericke and Mr. Thomas.

Aside from these special and local concert interests, the musical managers in either place are building up a strong support for an interminable line of concerts and operas on circuit. And Chicago has perhaps the finest opera-house in the world for its weeks of imported opera. Cincinnati, where a triennial festival has been a most potent influence all about the region, has in its endowed College of Music a great conservatory worthy of many a European musical city. It is at present under the direction of Mr. Frank van der Stucken, who, in spite of his Flemish name, is an American—a gifted composer, and a conductor of the first competency, earnestness of purpose, and enterprise. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, also under him, gives twenty concerts of the first class, with soloists of equal note and authority. Besides these incidents, Cincinnati has chamber-music afternoons and evenings by the dozen, and a great flood of like matters comes from outside managements. Milwaukee, though this year its symphony concerts have not been yet assured, shows musical vitality enough to support an extended group of concerts from the great stars that will be wandering westward. In dozens of these remoter cities the German singing clubs have been a pioneer and precious factor in edifying music's cause. They still are such factors, with many concerts. The Pittsburg Orchestra, a detail of the great Carnegie Institute, begins its fourth season this week. Mr. Victor Herbert is now its leader: a composer of distinction among musicians identified with our country, and a conductor long before the public in other connections. Twenty concerts will be given in the beautiful hall erected by Mr. Carnegie, and the Pittsburg programmes leave nothing to be desired in dignity. Mr. Herbert has an able body of musicians, including a good concert-master in Mr. Luigi Kunits, from Vienna. Buffalo—another city that has had an excellent orchestral record of a local kind, until some adverse currents came of late—is anxious to reorganize its capable symphony band on a sound basis. Meantime the Twentieth Century Club of the city guarantees a set of concerts by the best visiting artists attainable, and two or three of the larger orchestras on tours from New York and elsewhere will occupy the Buffalo field. Cleveland is in some traits perhaps the most musical city in its vicinity. Having given up last week to a music festival directed by Mr. Paur, it will be visited between now and May by a large proportion of the notable musical attractions of the year. Indianapolis is a community nowadays firmly musical. It is laboring to place its own symphony orchestra on such a basis as will insure regular symphonic-concert work in the city—independent of the visiting organizations, Western or Eastern—and to accomplish that blessed matter, to retain the same men who have given strength to the local band hitherto. The women of Indianapolis are the engineers of this project—as are the women in so many other centres. San Francisco is expeding its orchestral work of local origin and all the highest-priced travelling stars. St. Paul, prompted by its wealthy Commercial Club, is organizing a series of symphony-concerts, managed by Mr. Feldhauser, to come from the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra that is to be on tour here presently. Philadelphia, once a city whose important music was a reflection of New York's sound waves, now has Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis as operatic guardians and symphony-concert guides, besides the visits of the ubiquitous Boston Symphony Orchestra and the new "Orchestra of New York," which makes its début October 29 under Mr. Paur. Baltimore possesses a stable and large musical leverage in the great Peabody Institute, the costly gift of George Peabody in 1868. A new day of usefulness and note has come to this conservatory with the election to its control of Mr. Harold Randolph, a Richmond musician of experience and ability. He is widely known for his enthusiasms towards building up independent musical life in a community. The Institute has just been thoroughly reorganized, and will be a firmer power southward. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Ross Jungnickel, also has announced its arrangements. The large Oratorio Society choir is directed by Mr. Joseph Pache, and Mr. Randolph is working for another choral society for fine polyphonic music.

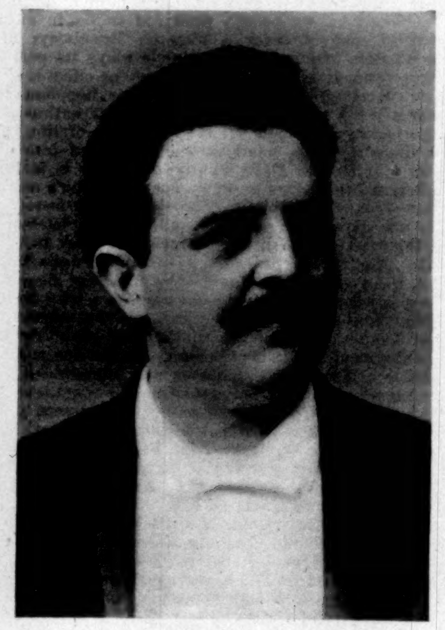
Women as Managers of Music.

One of the most striking traits in the present bright aspect of musical enterprises about our wide country is the influence of the women managers, the women clubs, the guarantees by women that bring expensive orchestras and artists and opera troupes to one or another town. In many cities the women really work up the whole season. The woman manager, especially, has developed a fine new industry for her sex. She fills it most ably, in notable instances, often with most complex pecuniary cares and endless niceties. Such women as Miss Anna Millar, Miss Mildred Webber, both of Chicago, and Mrs. Edward G. Love, of this city, attest the adaptiveness of women to the business of musical purveyance.

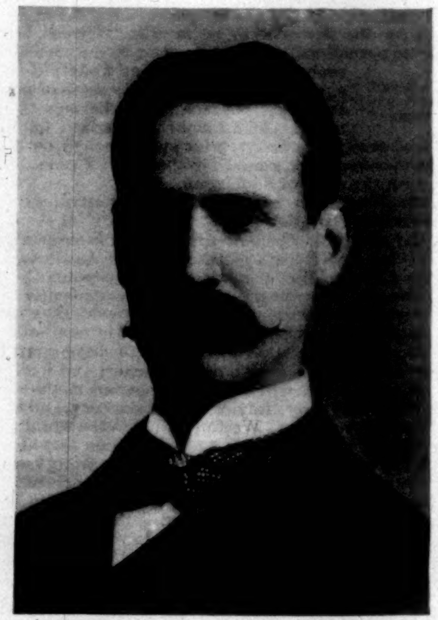
I am not overlooking the uncertainties that enter into such local musical life—the questions of money to pay the



MR. FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN,
Director of the Cincinnati College of Music.



MR. VICTOR HERBERT,
Conductor of the Pittsburg Orchestra.



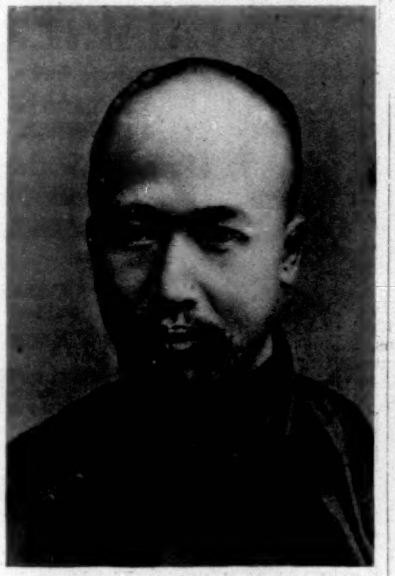
MR. HAROLD RANDOLPH,
Director of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

fiddler, the charge that many a town conscientiously makes against itself as "not a musical city," because such or such a good work went wrong, or another one lacked subscribers. Nor do I overlook the fact that our most intelligent public think too much of star-artists with foreign labels. Again, only our chief cities, outside of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and—most interestingly and honorably—New Orleans, seem able to do aught towards establishing their own opera. But New York is not safe in bragging of what it does for opera. Until we can hear the best operas in the vernacular by as great artists as are now singing it in foreign tongues, humility becomes us. For that very reason the Metropolitan's great exotic seasons must not shut our ears to the fact that two blocks away an English-singing company, the Castle Square one, is carrying on an operatic lesson and a public effect meaning even more than all that Mr. Grau superintends. Opera, too, is not at all indispensable to a city's musical life. It is a detail of variable value.

Mr. Rosenthal: Mr. Paur.

Our own musical movement has fairly begun since last week. Mr. Rosenthal appears in two recitals, playing with that virtuosity to which we are now accustomed—restored to his perfect health after a year's absence. The opening performance of the new symphonic band, "The New York Orchestra," organized by Mr. Carl Löwenstein and directed by Mr. Emil Paur, is announced for this (Saturday) evening—a date making record of its work impracticable in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



KANG YU WEI,
The modern Sage of China.

THE CHINESE BORGIA AND THE MODERN SAGE.

THE Emperor of China, Kuang Hsu, was deposed September 22. In him lay the present hope of the renovation of the Celestial Empire. Though only twenty-seven years of age he was the patron of the radical reformers. This is the cause of his downfall, and with him goes Kang Yu Wei, his chief adviser. On September 24 Kang reached Shanghai from the north on the British steamer *Chungking*, and was transferred to the British gunboat *Esk*, then lying in the Yang-tse River. On the 27th he sailed for Hong-kong in the British steamer *Ballaarat*, which was convoyed by the British man-of-war *Bonaventure*. A price having been set on his head the Chinese governor of Shanghai tried to have the *Chungking* boarded and searched, but was prevented by the British Consul-General at Shanghai.

The Emperor and the "Modern Sage" having gone down, up have come the Empress Dowager and Li Hung-Chang. Kang Yu Wei is a Chinaman, and the Emperor, who is a Manchu, made him the chief adviser of the new régime which was sweeping Manchus from office. The Manchu clan leaders seem to have combined to overthrow both the Emperor and his new advisers. Down have gone definite reform measures in government administration, army reorganization, and the institution of Western education throughout the empire. A recent decree of the late Emperor required the establishing of something like two hundred government colleges. Up have come knavery, motheaten "custom," and attendant evils. The Emperor assumed the reins of government nine years ago, but within the past few months has made public his reform policy with what seems like ill-considered haste. The reorganization of affairs at Peking alone has thrown 5000 drones out of office.

I have had interviews, yesterday and today, with two Chinamen and an American, who may be said to understand the undercurrent of affairs. One of the Chinamen belongs to the family that has furnished a minister to Britain, and other prominent officials. These three men are singularly agreed on the following:

1. That the Empress Dowager is a second Lucretia Borgia. It is asserted that she had previously killed (or had killed) two emperors—Hsien Feng and Tung Chih. Since September 22 she has ordered the murder (decapitation without trial) of from fifteen to twenty of the leading reform advisers of the late Emperor, and only changed the action, so as to afford a mock trial, after the British fleet had been massed near Tien-tsin.

2. There is uniform belief that no dependence can be placed on the reports sent out from the Palace as to whether the Emperor is alive or dead. If he is announced as alive he may be dead, or *vice versa*. There is a peculiar custom in China of a man being politically dead but physically alive. Many people in China remember when a brother-in-law of Li Hung-Chang, who had fallen into disfavor, was announced dead. An official funeral was held, a pauper being put in the coffin, the said brother-in-law being privileged to witness his own demise!

If the Emperor is announced as alive and sitting in state with the Empress Dowager, it may be only a ruse to allay popular ferment. The Palace knows deeper secrets than how to "fix up" an effigy.

3. The Emperor was gaining in favor partially from the fact that Kang Yu Wei, a Chinaman, was advising these reforms rather than a Manchu. He gained favor with Chinamen, but lost it with the ruling house. And I not infrequently hear the assertion among Chinamen that if the Emperor is not restored, they wish England would take over China. There seem to be numerous Chinamen who believe this to be the only way of escape for the nation. Neither is this opinion limited to Central China. A foreigner in Shan-Si (a northern province) writes that there are inquiries among the Chinese literati as to how much must be paid for the British B.A. degree! They wish to be ready for government preferment. In the same province the chief subject of inquiry is said to be "what would be the best course to pursue to win the approval of the rulers of that country which may annex Shan-Si?" Missionaries from far-off Sze-Chuen province tell me that on the waterways the people asked eagerly when the foreigners were coming to rule them.

There are predictions also of more revolts. Meanwhile the rebellion in South China seems to be growing. It was announced in July that it had been about pacified, and that "about a thousand of the ringleaders have been beheaded." A rebellion with a thousand ringleaders must have been quite an affair, and it is believed to have been growing during the past months. Meanwhile, if Kang Yu Wei is not murdered, watch for developments. He is at Hong-kong, where he can be easily and safely reached by his friends, but not by his enemies.

ROBERT E. LEWIS.

SHANGHAI, *September 30, 1898.*

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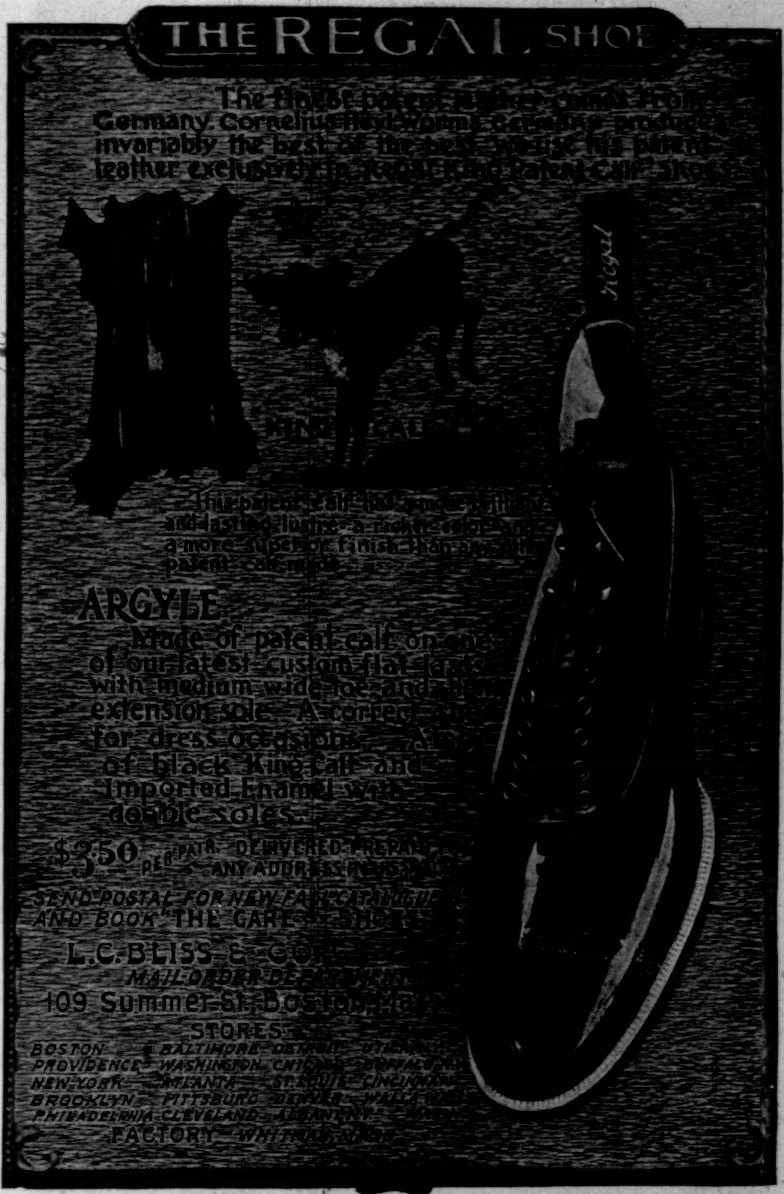

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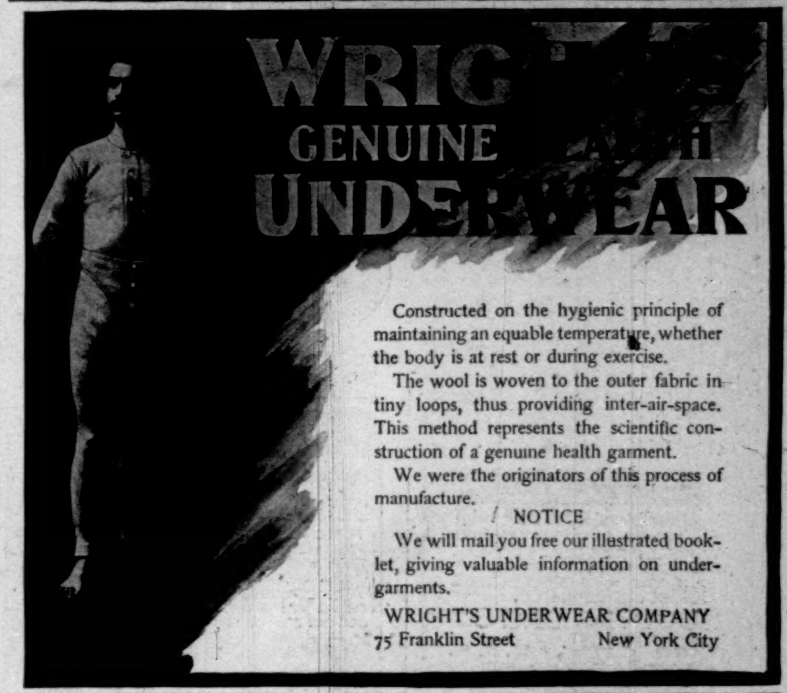

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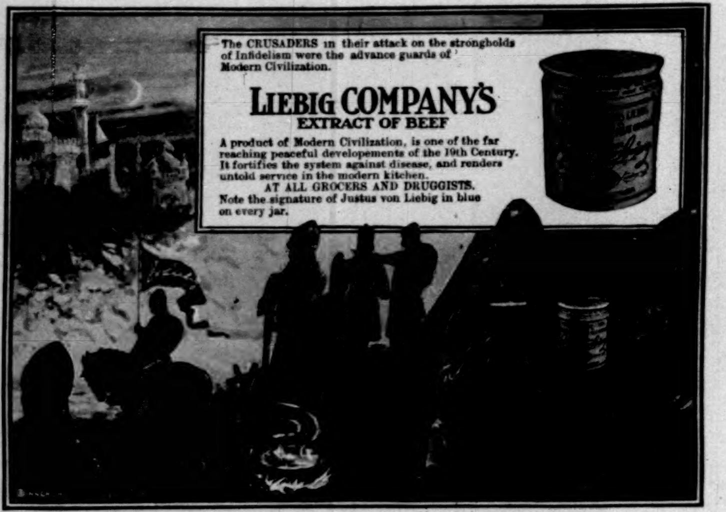

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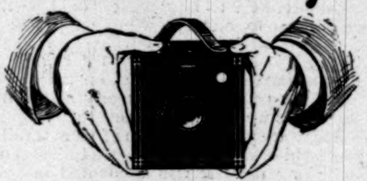

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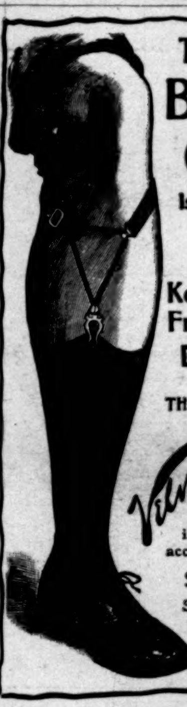

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AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney, *who has just returned from his trip to the Hawaiian Islands, will resume next week the editorial direction of this department, as a regular feature of* Harper's Weekly.

YALE FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

BY H. S. BROOKS, JR.

Captain Chamberlin's whistle sounded loud and clear over the Yale field, and if it had been Gabriel's trumpet it could not have had greater effect. All the chatter instantly ceased, and a hush seemed to spread over everything as the men silently and quickly took their seats on the benches running along the side-lines. The candidates were so numerous that they stretched nearly the entire length of the field. Without any waste of time, Captain Chamberlin and the head coach, arm in arm, started to pick out the university and college teams for the afternoon's practice. Somehow or other I had drifted to a seat beside one of the candidates for end, and, presto! I was a boy again, awaiting my fate. Every eye was fixed on the captain and coach as they started down the line, stopping in front of each man, looking him in the eye, and one could hear the low voice of the captain saying, "Hubbell, university, left end; Cutten, university, centre; Thomas, college, left end; Smith, college, centre." As he approached me I felt very much as I did at my first Sophomore german, when every girl that started in my direction with a favor made me feel conscious. As Captain Chamberlin passed me my heart sank; but there was a "balm of Gilead" for me that day in the awakening, but I am afraid there was a dreadfully disappointed and heart-broken boy beside me who had never been to sleep.

McBRIDE—"FULL-BACK."

Last year the daily practice saw a different "university" every day, for the material was not sifted out until the very last moment, but this year the team is pretty nearly chosen. There is some competition at the ends and back of the line, but even these few positions are about decided.

There is a radical change in New Haven in the coaching of the team. Last year Butterworth acted in the capacity of head coach, and took entire charge, of course working in perfect harmony with the captain. This year there is no head coach; not for the reason that a suitable man cannot be obtained, but because there is a feeling in the university that the control of all athletic teams should be in the hands of the undergraduates. As the captain is the undergraduates' direct representative, the entire policy of the Yale football team this year is in his hands. I do not think that the university at large has come to any definite conclusion, but the method outlined above is to be tried this year, just as the other method was tried last year, and Yale will not suffer from the thrashing out of this matter, for the undergraduates and graduates are working in entire harmony, and Chamberlin can get anything he wants.

Undoubtedly Cutten, "the theolog," will play centre, but will in no sense be able to fill Cadwallader's shoes. He is far and away the best man in college for the position to-day, and it looks now as though the coaches would be able to round him out into some sort of respectable shape. He will not be anything remarkable, although he is very willing, and tries hard to do his best. This in itself is a great deal in his favor, for if he "knew it all" he would be hopeless. Cutten has a bad knee and is very liable to get hurt, and this fact alone is causing his captain much uneasiness.

Brown will play left guard, as he did last year. He is a thoroughly reliable man, tall and strong, and well up to a guard's weight. He plays with his head and is very conscientious. He has stepped into Cadwallader's shoes, and kicks all the goals from touch-downs, and does it remarkably well, too. He is very deliberate about it, and rarely misses.

Marshall, substitute guard on last year's team, will fill the other guard's position. He has been soldiering all summer, and there was some fear that he would not be mustered out in time to get into condition, but he reported for practice a short time ago, and is doing good work. He is tall, like Brown, and is coming along fast in his knowledge of the game; and although he has much to learn, and is more or less crude just at present, he shows, nevertheless, such intelligence that he is not causing his coaches any great amount of worry.

Captain Chamberlin will, of course, play right tackle. He has paid little or no attention to his own game, as the entire responsibility of the coaching is on his shoulders. But his responsibilities, great as they are, will not prevent him from putting up a thoroughly satisfactory game; not that it would be reasonable to expect him to play as he did last year, for that was phenomenal, but he is made of sturdy stuff, and can be relied upon to do well.

The university has called on Allen, the captain of the crew, to play the other tackle. It was thought at first that he could be spared, as he did not want to play, and needed rest for his assiduous duties in the spring, but Durston's low stand compelled him to answer the university call, and he is now taking his banging and drudgery cheerfully, and will play a hard, intelligent game, and although his work will not be showy, it will be effective. Allen is what is called at New Haven a "university man," and let me say that this is a title well worth the winning.

Marshall.
Captain Chamberlin.
Winter.

KICKING A GOAL.

Captain Chamberlin. H. S. Graves. Walter Camp. Ex-Captain Murphy.

HATCHING A CONSPIRACY.

Hubbell and Coy, left and right ends respectively, are both new men, and give much promise for the future. They are about of a size, not too light, and get down the field on kicks in very good style, and what is more, are getting quicker and better every day. Both men tackle well—Coy the better of the two—and if they can keep up their improvement, no anxiety need be felt concerning the ends.

De Saulles, quarter-back, is in a class by himself. The work of this player is so well known that it is hardly necessary to comment on it. He is one bundle of nerves, and his play of running through the field with the ball caught from a punt is one of his own making and development, and cannot be too highly praised. If he could conquer his disposition to muff, it would add to his own reputation, and would give his team greater confidence. It might be stated here that his presence in a game means everything to his team. His dash is infectious, and the men appreciate that any moment he is liable to take a ball from the middle of the field to a point where a touchdown is within the limits of possibility.

De Saulles has been laid up since the Brown game, and will be kept off the field for a week or two, but the big games will find him in his accustomed position, as he needs very little work to get him into condition.

Half-backs are plentiful in New Haven this year, and what is more, they are an especially knowing lot. It is a great pity they are not a little heavier. The most promising ones are Dudley, who played one of the half-back positions last year, and Corwin, who was a substitute on the same team. Then there are Townsend, Benjamin, Marvin, and Wear. There is not a really heavy man among them, but they play such good football, in spite of their lack of weight, that one is compelled to admit their prowess. Corwin and Dudley should be the regulars, although I dare say the university will need the services of all its backs before the season is over. Corwin uses his head to good purpose, and seems to have the "football instinct" which enables him to diagnose opposing plays, and also assists him in finding openings that were not made for him. He comes by his "football instinct" honestly, as he is the brother of Captain Corwin of the '87 team, now a professor at New Haven.

McBride will play full-back, and can be relied on to do all the punting, and is really the only heavy-weight back Yale has. He is a magnificent ground-gainer, and on account of his ability to hit the line hard and often without going to pieces, is the hardest worked man on the team. He has improved wonderfully in punting, although he displays a tendency to kick low. Low kicking is exceedingly good, provided you can vary it with high kicking. If McBride does not get this facility he can depend upon having at least one of his kicks blocked in a big game. He does not seem to be able to control the distance of his punts, and repeatedly kicks over the line, which is, of course, terribly wearing on the ends, and offers no opportunity to the opposing team to muff the ball.

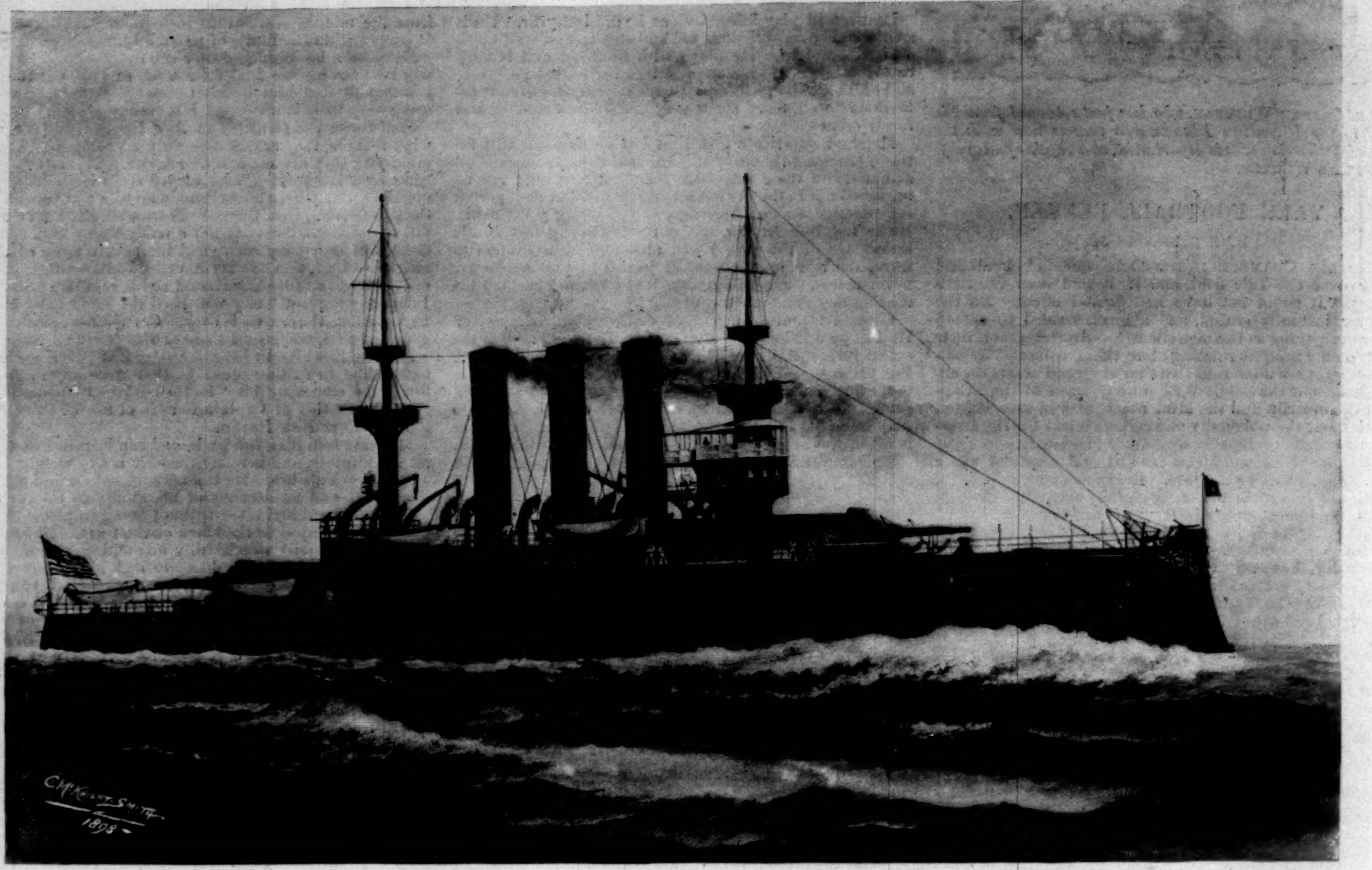
CUTTEN—"CENTRE."

Taking the team as a whole, I should say that it is about an average Yale team, with possibility of developing into something better. The rush-line is not noticeably strong, but it certainly is far from weak. Back of the line Yale is in good condition, with many men to choose from, all of about the same calibre. This team promises to develop into one of Yale's characteristic "all-together" football-teams, with De Saulles as the star of the combination. They are far from "all together" as yet. The backs fumble atrociously; the rush-line lines up very quickly; but the backs seem to hit the opposing line without any dash; and as for muffing punts—well, one is overcome with dread every time he sees the ball kicked into the air. They have not as yet learned to appreciate the kicking game; not that they do not know how to play it, but it is simply impossible for them to give up the ball on the first down for a kick. There is nothing remarkable in this condition of affairs, as it is always the case; the only wonder is that year after year the kicking game is not developed as the main issue, instead of as a side issue only to be used as a last resort. It is more scientific, it saves the players, and, everything else being equal, wins every time. Surely these should be recommendations enough!

Hudson, in the Indian game, could never have kicked a goal from the field if the Yale players had appreciated the possibilities of the kicking game. They knew all about Hudson's ability to drop a goal from the field, and had seen him that very day miss the bars for a goal only by a few feet, yet the deadly fascination of bucking the centre, instead of kicking the ball out of danger, was too much for them. A little head-work at times is very useful.

The Yale team of 1898 will be a good, hard-working, intelligent body of football-players, and whoever expects to give them a drubbing will most assuredly have to be in the "first flight."

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—New and Revised Edition.—Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

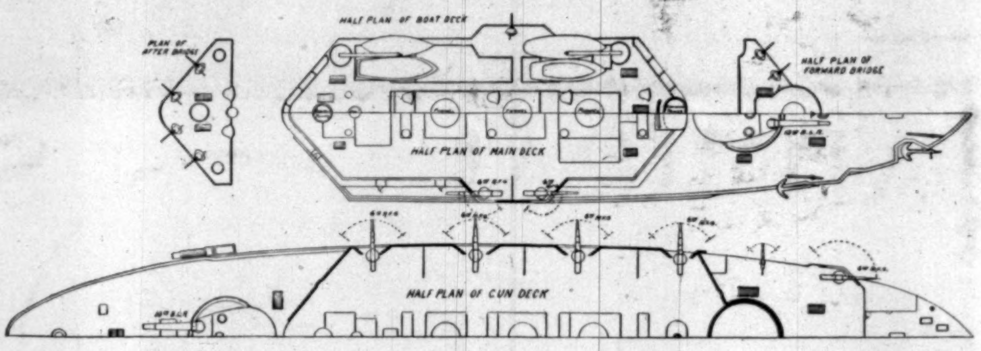


THE NEW "MAINE."—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith from the offical plans.

THE CLOSING IN.

No more of after-math the meadow yields,
The day dims out and leaves no after-glow.
The sky is vague and heavy and hangs low.
Night shuts in early when the end is near,
And at the casement lingering I hear
The sighing of the rain upon the fields.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

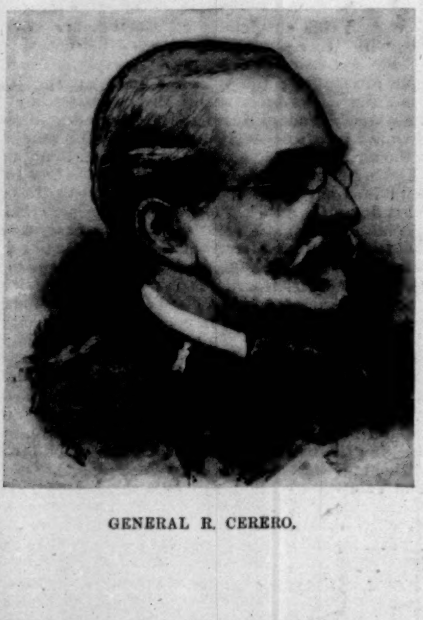


THE NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

The contracts for the construction of the three new battle-ships, which were opened at the Navy Department in Washington in September, have been awarded to three different ship-building firms—the Cramps of Philadelphia, the Newport News Ship-building Company, and the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco. The ships are to be named the *Maine*, the *Ohio*, and the *Missouri*. The plans submitted by the successful bidders differed in some respects as to tonnage, speed, and coal capacity, and the Navy Department, after a careful consideration of them all, decided on the ones prepared by the Cramps, with a few minor alterations. The accepted plans call for a ship of approximately 12,150 tons, with a water-line length of 388 feet, beam 72 feet, and draught of 24 feet 6 inches, with full stores, supplies, and ammunition, and a guaranteed speed of 18 knots, at a cost of $2,885,000. In submitting these plans the Cramps have practically cut in two the plans of the *Alabama*, *Wisconsin*, and *Illinois*, adding 20 feet to their length. In this lengthening they have gained the additional space necessary for increased coal capacity, and a design capable of greater speed. The new ships are to have a steaming radius of about 6000 miles at ordinary speed.

In appearance the *Maine*, *Ohio*, and *Missouri* are identical with the *Illinois*, *Wisconsin*, and *Alabama* up to the top of the superstructure; above that the arrangement of the stacks and military-masts brings them in strong contrast with the latter ships. In gaining the increased speed, the necessity of larger heating surface and boiler-room necessitates the use of three smoke-stacks placed forward and aft along the centre line of the ship, to give the extra draught needed, while in the earlier ships the two stacks are placed side by side.

So far as the armament of the *Maine*, *Ohio*, and *Missouri* is concerned, these battle-ships will be practically identical with the *Wisconsin*, *Alabama*, and *Illinois* in their fighting outfit. They will carry four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, paired in elliptical turrets forward and aft; fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns in broadside batteries; twenty-four rapid-fire and machine-guns in the secondary battery, mounted at various points throughout the ship, as follows: On the forward bridge four, placed two on either side of the pilot-house; four on the after bridge; one on either side of the boat-deck amidships; two in each broadside aft on the lower or berth deck, one in each broadside forward on the gun-deck, and two in each of the fighting-tops, making twenty rapid-fire and machine guns on set mounts, with machine and Colt guns to the number of four. The submerged torpedo-tubes are so placed that any accident from a chance shot striking the torpedo when placed in the tube will be next to impossible. For armoring these ships the original 16½-inch Harveyized armor-plating will be superseded by 10-inch Kruppized plating, which admits of a broader and longer belt for the same weight of steel.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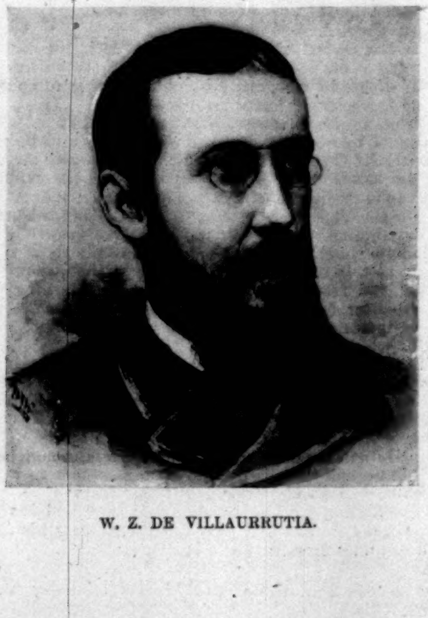
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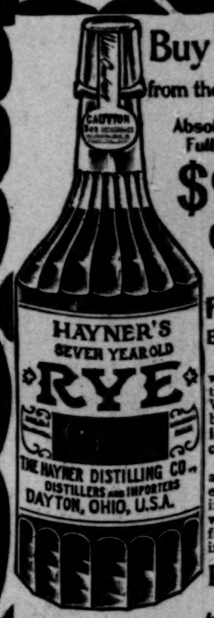

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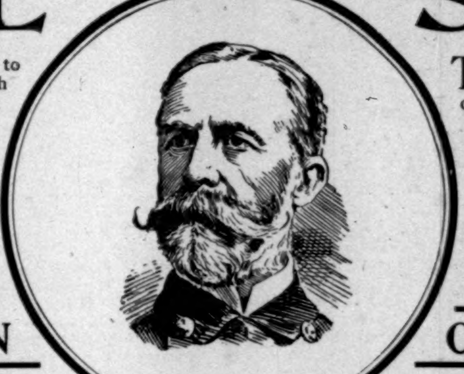

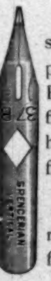

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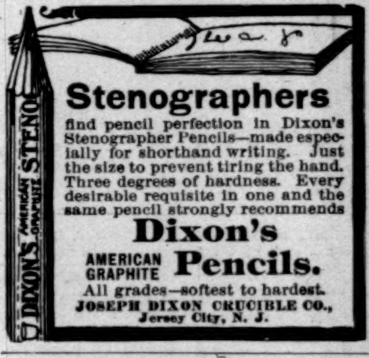

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